

The Sketch

No. 1115.—Vol. LXXXVI.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1914.

SIXPENCE.



POTIPHAR'S WIFE AS DRESSED BY LÉON BAKST: MME. MARIE KOUSNETZOFF IN BREECHES AND HOSE
AND GOWN IN "LA LÉGENDE DE JOSEPH."

Dr. Richard Strauss's "La Légende de Joseph," his first ballet proper, is to be presented in England for the first time on the 23rd, at Drury Lane. The old

Biblical tale is placed in the sixteenth century, in the manner, as it were, of Paolo Veronese.—[Photograph by Saul Bransburg.]

"THE SKETCH" SUMMER NUMBER.

The next issue of "The Sketch," which will be dated June 17, will be the Summer Number, and as light and bright as ever. Amongst its novel features will be numerous pictures in colours—by Charles Sims, H.R.H., W. Baribal, Léonée, Lawson Wood, Leo Addis, etc.; drawings by W. Heath Robinson, Lewis Baumer, Will Houghton, and others; and a very remarkable series of illustrations, in black and gold, of Poe's "Tales of Mystery and Imagination."

Order your copy, or copies, at once, or you may be disappointed. The price is One Shilling.

MOTLEY NOTES.

A Literary Coincidence.

I had been reading, in the desultory, useless way in which one does read such things, the tragic details of the wreck of the *Empress of Ireland*. Laying aside the newspaper, I picked up Mr. Joseph Conrad's magnificent new novel, "Chance," and I had not been reading that very long when I came across the following passage—

"It was the Belgian Green Star liner, *Westland*," he went on, "commanded by one of those stop-for-nothing skippers. Flaherty was his name, and I hope he will die without absolution. She cut half through the old *Ferndale*, and after the blow there was a silence like death. Next I heard the captain back on deck shouting, 'Set your engines slow ahead,' and a hail of 'Yes, yes,' answering him from the fo'castle. And then a whole crowd of people up there began making a row in the fog."

I am not, as a rule, very much impressed by coincidences—one becomes quite accustomed to them, especially in the profession of letters—but I could not refrain from mentioning this one, partly because it seems to me a striking tribute to Mr. Conrad's seamanship, and partly because it gives me an opportunity of drawing your attention, friend the reader, to an exceptionally brilliant novel.

Perhaps it might be as well to add, in order to avoid any possible misunderstanding, that the coincidence to which I refer does not relate to the "stop-for-nothing skipper," but to the command, "Set your engines slow ahead." It may well be proved, during the inquiry, that the captain of the *Storstad* was not a stop-for-nothing skipper, and that he did set his engines slow ahead. Justice is justice, even in moments of excitement and consternation.

Bon Voyage! It is hardly possible to conceive of anything more pathetic than the last moments of Mr. Laurence Irving and his wife, Miss Mabel Hackney. If they had achieved all their ambitions, there would have been but little cause for sorrow; I do not think that Nature has very much use for the man who has achieved his ambitions, and, apart from that, there is something rather fine in the idea of leaping into eternity from the topmost rung of the ladder. But Laurence Irving, for all his struggles, and experiences, and achievements, was only just beginning to find his true place on the stage. After making a genuine success in "Typhoon"—a success that was admitted even by those who are most reluctant to admit success in others—he had crossed over to Canada, and had borne with the inevitable discomforts of touring in a partially developed country in order that he might provide the material for another campaign in London. I understand that his Canadian tour had proved a big financial success, and I can imagine how eagerly he and his wife must have been looking forward to their London season in the autumn. After all their trials and hardships and disappointments the clouds had lifted at last, and their ship was going swiftly into harbour over a smooth and sparkling sea. Then, quite suddenly, out of the night, came that dreadful crash. The final scenes have been told over and over again in the papers, and I have no intention of attempting to lacerate your feelings by repeating them.

A Tribute. But I should like to say just one word about the art of Miss Mabel Hackney. I think she was too often passed by in the dramatic criticisms—partly, no doubt, because she was overshadowed by the genius of her husband. But Mrs. Laurence Irving undoubtedly possessed very real gifts. Here is an extract from a notice that I wrote myself in the *Daily Mail*,

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

more than seven years ago, after witnessing the first production of "Les Hennetons" in this country by the Stage Society—

"Miss Mabel Hackney made the success of her life yesterday afternoon. At any rate, we have never seen any performance of hers approaching this study of the girl Charlotte. She lived in that room and with that man; you had never a doubt of it. She cried, and laughed, and petted, and teased, and sulked, and raved—all as lightly and as surely as you please. A very, very clever piece of work, and one that will not be forgotten."

Pilfered Are the Meek.

Turning with relief to lighter topics, it seems a little late to write about the Derby, but my defence must be that the suggestion I have to make has reference to the Derbys of the future, and not to the one that has just been run. I happened to be at Tattenham Corner this year, and for at least half-an-hour after the race was over we were all uncertain as to the name of the third horse. A bookmaker immediately behind our party actually wrote up the name of a horse on his board that had not secured a place at all, and paid out money on that horse. When the name of the horse that was actually third was passed along with a sort of semi-official assurance, the bookmaker was surrounded by a crowd of indignant people who naturally wished to receive their money on the horse that had been placed. The bookmaker protested violently that no man could be expected to pay out on two horses.

It occurred to several people present that all this uncertainty and unpleasantness might have been spared, and may be spared in the future, if the authorities would place boards at various points along the course upon which they could announce the results of the races merely by pressing a button at the winning-post. After all, if one pays half-a-sovereign or a sovereign for the privilege of running a vehicle into an enclosed space, surely one is entitled to something of the consideration that is shown to members of the public at theatres, and music-halls, and cricket-matches, and motor-races, and aviation meetings. The Derby would be but a sorry affair without the public, and I venture to think that the paying public have as much claim to consideration as those who come to Epsom, not to see the races, but to beg and to pilfer. Every facility is placed in the way of these swarthy gentry, but those upon whom they bathe are utterly ignored by the powers that be. Any person who causes a crowd to assemble is surely responsible for the general well-being of the unities composing that crowd, and that is why, with all possible respect, I venture to commend these humble remarks to those in charge of the arrangements of the great Epsom meeting.

Mr. Shaw on His Feet.

"The children to whom a literary education could be of use are insatiable. They will read and study far more than is good for them; in fact, the real difficulty is to prevent them from wasting their time by reading for the sake of reading, and studying for the sake of studying, instead of taking some trouble to find out what they really like, and are capable of doing some good at."

Thus Mr. Shaw in the preface to his new volume of plays. I can only wish that Mr. Shaw had lived and written a hundred years before I went to school. I suppose it takes at least a hundred years for any writing, however sensible, to take effect. After leaving school, I lost no opportunity of saying much the same things myself with regard to modern education in schools. It is a great relief to find Mr. Shaw turning his attention to the subject. When he likes, he can play a very brilliant game for his side.

THE FRIEND OF WOMAN: A DOG SHOW AND A MEMORIAL.



1. WITH HER TOY SPANIEL: MISS EVELYN FITZHERBERT.
2. WINNER OF A CHAMPIONSHIP AND SEVERAL PRIZES: LADY SYBIL GRANT ARRIVING WITH ONE OF HER PYRENEAN MOUNTAIN DOGS.
3. WINNER OF A CHALLENGE PRIZE: THE HON. MRS. LYTON AND HER BLENHEIM SPANIEL, ASFAREL CHARM.
4. WITH HER BLACK LABRADOR RETRIEVERS, BRADFIELD TORY AND MANOR WYN (THIRD PRIZE AND RESERVE BRACE): THE HON. MRS. LIONEL WALROND.

5. WAITING TO ENTER THE JUDGING-RING WITH HER CAIRN TERRIERS: LADY SOPHIE SCOTT WITH LAIRD OF HARRIS AND MAISIE OF HARRIS.
6. WITH HER HUSBAND'S BEAGLES, HOPETOUN PARTNER AND HOPETOUN LANTERN: THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.
7. WITH HER CAIRN TERRIERS: THE HON. MRS. G. W. BAMPFYLDE.
8. WITH HER CAIRN TERRIER: THE HON. MRS. REGINALD COVENTRY.
9. AIDING A MEMORIAL TO CAESAR, KING EDWARD'S TERRIER: THE MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN (ON THE RIGHT) AND MISS JANET ORR.

This year's Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, which, since it started in 1904, has hitherto been located at the Royal Botanical Gardens, was held in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. Queen Alexandra, whose basset-hounds were among the exhibits, visited the Show on the second day. Lady Sybil Grant, elder daughter of Lord

Rosebery, won a championship with her big Pyrenean Mountain Dog, Milanolla St. Amant.—The foundation-stone of the North London Dogs' Home, in memory of King Edward's wire-haired terrier, Caesar, who died recently, was laid the other day at Willesden.—[Photographs by Sport and General and G.P.U.]

THE FOURTH AT ETON: THE CAPTAIN OF



1. LADY CRAWFORD AND HER ELDER SON, LORD BALNIEL.

2. LORD AND LADY AMPHILL.

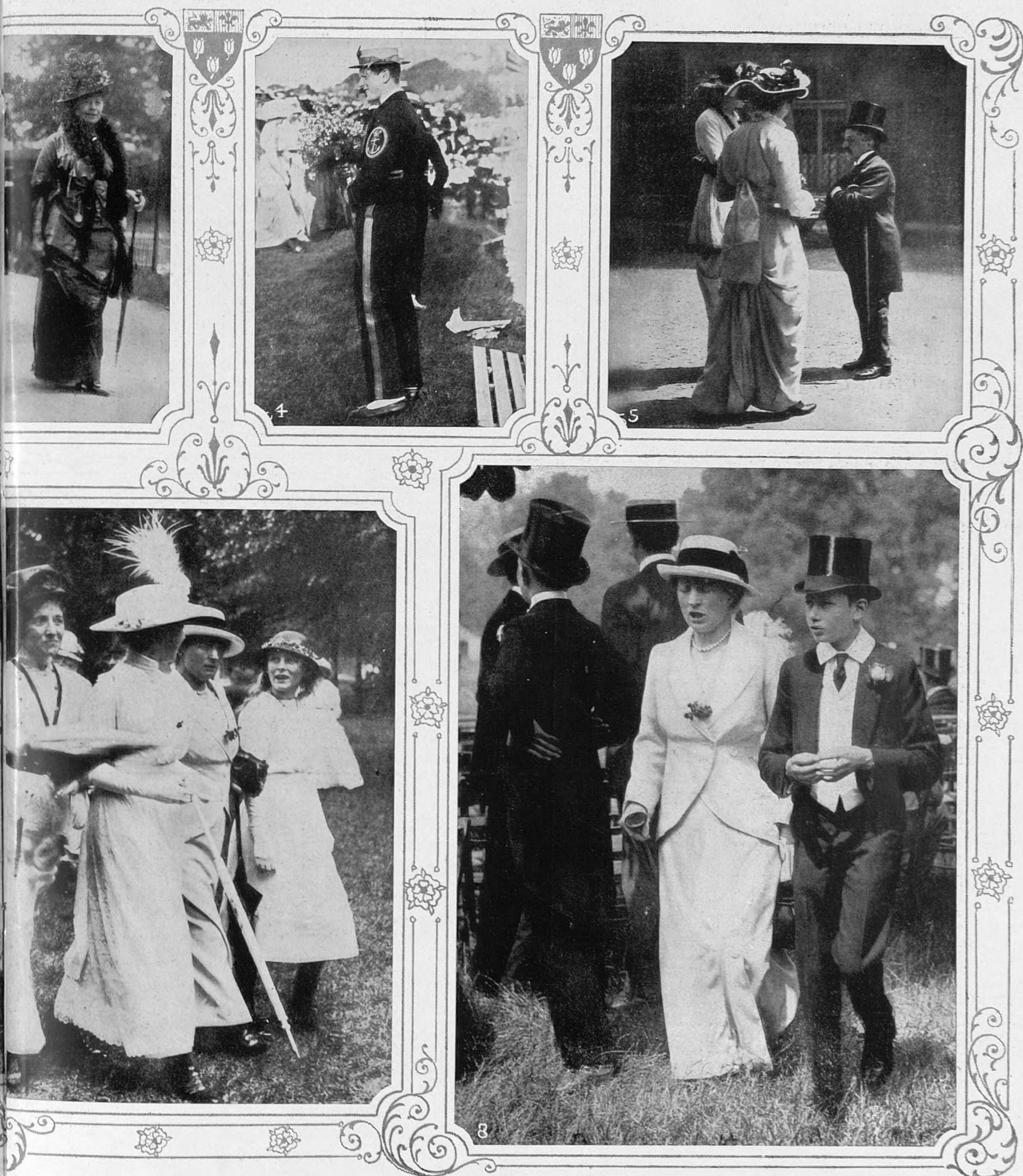
3. MRS. KERR-SMILEY

4. PRINCESS MARY (THE GROWN-UP).

5. PRINCE HENRY, PRINCESS MARY (IN WHITE HAT).

The famous Fourth of June at Eton brought together, as is usual, a very distinguished gathering. Princess Mary was one of those who went down from London for the occasion, and she lunched with her Eton-boy brother, Prince Henry. In the procession of boats, the Upper Boats were: "Monarch"—10-oar (I. P. R. Napier, Captain of the Boats); "Victory" (S. I. Fairbairn, Second Captain); "Prince of Wales" (W. E. C. James, Captain). The Lower

THE BOATS—AND OTHER FAMOUS PEOPLE.



1. AND LADY COOPER.

4. MR. I. P. R. NAPIER, CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS.—5. THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE BUYING A ROSE.

2. AND (ON PRINCESS MARY'S LEFT) THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

8. PRINCE HENRY WITH THE DUCHESS OF TECK.

Boats were: "Britannia" (A. D. Bridge, Captain); "Dreadnought" (R. N. Dilbrogue, Captain); "Thetis" (K. A. S. Chapman, Captain); "Hibernia" (H. G. Wiggins, Captain); "St. George" (A. F. E. Pitman, Captain); "Alexandra" (A. M. L. Thomson, Captain); and "Defiance" (T. W. Harley, Captain).—[Photographs by Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, Central Press, and C.N.]

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(Martin Secker.)	The Island. Eleanor Mordaunt. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Cameos. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. 1s.	The English Soul. Jacque Vondate (Foemina). 6s. (Heinemann.)
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The Story of Dorothy Jordan. Clare Jerrold. 15s. net.	Abe and Mawruss. Montague Glass. 6s. (Holden and Stoughton.)
(Nash.)	The North Afire. W. Douglas Newton. 6s. (Methuen.)
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(Holden and Hardingham.)	Ten Famous Mystery Stories Told in Brief. 1s. net. (Pearson.)
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(Smith, Elder.)	Home. Anon. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
Comedy. John Palmer. 1s. net. (Martin Secker.)	Angels in Wales. Margam Jones. 6s. (Long.)
History. R. H. Gretton. 1s. (Martin Secker.)	
Advertising and Progress. E. S. Hale and John Hart. 5s. net. ("Review of Reviews.")	
The Philosophy of William James. Howard V. Knox. 1s. net. (Constable.)	
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TICKET-CLERKS IN PETTICOATS: ENGHien AND AN ANTI-GAMBLING LAW: REFORMING THE CALENDAR.

A Smiling
Ticket-Clerk.

When, being in Paris for the Whitsuntide holiday, I asked at the wicket of the office at the Gare du Nord for a ticket for Enghien, sounding the "g" soft, the lady who put the ticket into the little machine to date it smiled at me and corrected my pronunciation of the name. I thanked her, she assured me that there was no reason for doing so, and we parted with expressions of mutual esteem. As I kept nobody waiting for his or her ticket, no one's temper was ruffled by my interchange of civilities with the lady ticket-clerk, and her lesson to me in the pronunciation of "gh" in French. It set me wondering whether any ticket-clerk of my own sex would have taken the trouble to set me right, and whether the lady instead of the man behind the ticket-wicket might not be a success in London.

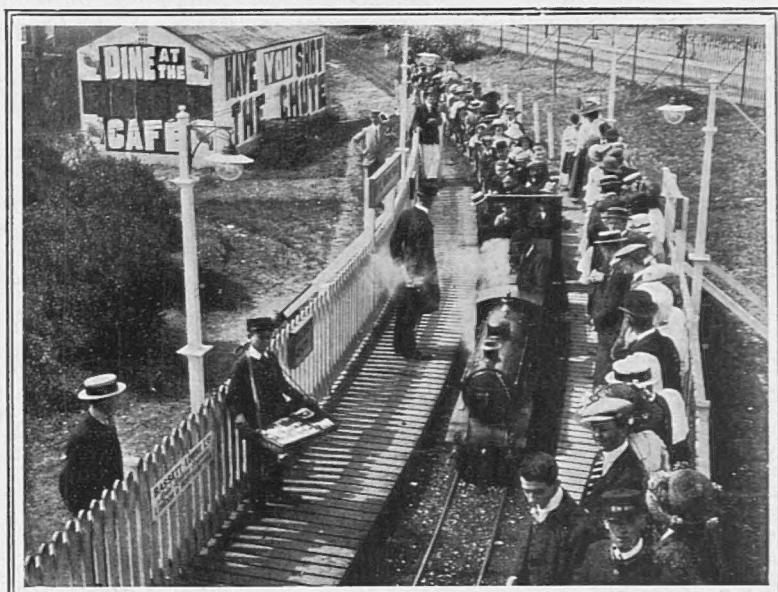
"Un Premier" or "Une Première." Not that all the ticket-clerks in petticoats at the French railway stations are as good tempered as the lady at the Nord. Once or twice a damsel behind the wire grille at Boulogne has not been at all pleased with me when I have been uncertain whether I should ask for "un" or "une" first-class return to Etaples, and I have come to the conclusion that whichever gender I use must of necessity be the wrong one—just as whenever I talk to a Frenchman about "Le Théâtre Français," he always mentions "La Comédie Française" in answering my question, or vice-versa. Perhaps this is done to keep Englishmen humble.

No Gambling for
Soldiers.

It was a fine afternoon and an undefined wish to see Enghien again before the gaming-rooms there go out of existence, in obedience to a law that, I believe, has been passed by the Chamber and Senate, that sent me out to Enghien. There certainly were no indications in the Casino that there was to be an end to the games of boule and baccarat, and respectable ladies in rusty black and gentlemen in morning coats and chapeaux melons were losing their francs in the public rooms with comparative equanimity. There were big notices on the gates that no one could be admitted into the *salons de jeu* without the production of a ticket of admission, and that *les militaires* would not be admitted under any consideration.

Dead-Letter Laws. Perhaps the authorities of Enghien hope that if they are severe towards the dead-heads and the soldiers, the law forbidding gambling in casinos within eighty miles of Paris will not be enforced. Laws do not seem to be quite

make no change in the two years' length of service. The Chamber will probably pass it with a proviso that a return shall be made to the two-year service as soon as circumstances permit—and circumstances will probably permit this at once. There do not seem to be so many "safe seats" in the French Parliament as there are in



A LINETTE! THE PLATFORM OF THE R.M.R. AT RHYL MARINE PARK STATION, SHOWING THE ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN AND WAITING PASSENGERS.

Photograph by Coleman.

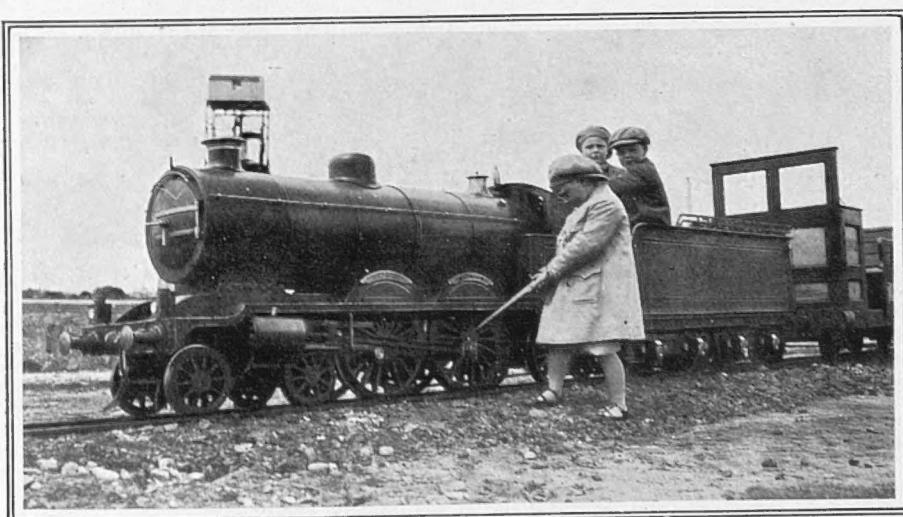
the British one, and politicians are exceedingly sensitive to public opinion in their constituencies.

The Beauties of
Enghien.

Enghien is such a lovely spot that I devoutly hope that no anti-gambling law will do anything to spoil its beauties. There was a race-meeting in progress on the afternoon that I went there, but that did not interfere with the perfect peace that seemed to be on the little lake and the villas and gardens that line its shores. The water was as smooth as a mirror, and the white Casino with all its flags flying, and the villas and the trees that are about them, were reflected without a tremble of the water to distort them. The swans were ivory dots on the grey, and by the bathing-stage in the lake a man sat in a boat, fished, and caught nothing. The band in the kiosk in the Casino gardens played "The Merry Widow" waltz, and its soft languors harmonised with the peace of the afternoon. No doubt the grey sky and the calm lake would still be at Enghien if the croupiers ceased to drop a percentage of the winnings into the slots of the *chemin de fer* tables, but I doubt whether, if the *cagnotte* vanished, the string orchestra would be such an excellent one, whether the little villas would be so well kept, and whether the Casino would be as spruce as it is now.

The Reformed
Calendar.

The delegates to the Congress which is now sitting in Paris to consider projected reforms in the calendar had a preliminary canter of opinions at Liège. If the delegates have their way, both the Gregorian calendar and the Julian calendar, which is in use in Russia, will be abolished. The Churchmen amongst the delegates advanced no religious objections to the rearrangement of days and dates for some of the great feasts and great fasts of the Christian Churches. It is suggested that Christmas Day shall always fall on a Sunday, which will be a popular change if the Saturday as well as the Monday becomes a holiday. New Year's Day, it is suggested, shall be March 21, the first day of spring; and Easter Sunday the first Sunday in April.



PREPARING "PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES": A WOULD-BE DRIVER OF THE MINIATURE TRAIN AT RHYL ATTENDING TO THE ENGINE.

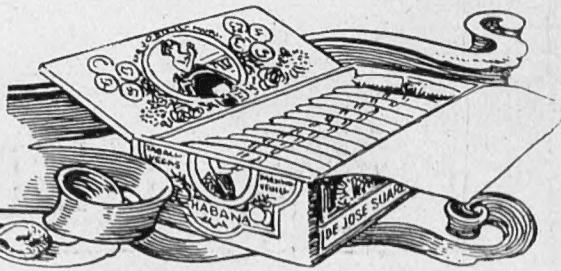
A remarkable model railway, the Rhyl Miniature Railway, has been opened in the Marine Park, at Rhyl, on land reclaimed from the mouth of the River Clwyd. The line is a little over a mile in length and encompasses the park, with its lake. The gauge of the track is fifteen inches. The locomotive, a perfect model, is built to a scale of three inches to the foot. In running order, the locomotive weighs one and a-half tons. There are eight four-wheeled carriages, each for six passengers. Special permits are issued for journeys on the engine!—[Photograph by Coleman.]

so binding in France as they are in Great Britain, and there are some—an Insurance one, I believe, amongst them—which are dead-letters. A French gentleman the other day was at great trouble to explain to me how the three-year military service law would probably



LUCKY DIPS

The "Sketch" Scheme of Gifts for Guests at the Midnight Ball.



AGAIN we give notice that there will be held at the Savoy Hotel, on June 25th, the amazing Midnight Ball. Thanks to a "Sketch" scheme, a feature of this will be Lucky Dips for some £3000 worth of gifts. These dips will be free; and every guest at the ball (that is, everyone who has bought a ticket including admission to the ball and a champagne supper) will have a chance of participating, and possibly being the recipient of one of the presents. We give below a list of the gifts, their value, and their donors, by which it will be seen that many are likely to leave the ball considerably richer than when they went in. It should once more be emphasised that when you have bought your ticket for the Midnight Ball you pay nothing more. Here, indeed, is charity in its most amazing form. The Ball is for the National Institute for the Blind. The list of gifts, it will be noted, is headed by a £600 motor-car, a 20 h.p. Daimler; and included in it also are two-hundred-guinea pictures by John Lavery and the Hon. John Collier, and a fifty-guinea colour sketch by Arthur Hacker, R.A., to say nothing of many other very valuable things.

GIFTS AND GIVERS UNDER THE "SKETCH" SCHEME.

Motor-Cars, &c.

20-h.p. Car	£600	0	0	Daimler Co., Ltd., 27-28, Pall Mall, S.W.
Work on Car Body	30	0	0	Thrupp and Maberly, Oxford Street.
Traffic Indicator	5	5	0	General Supply Co., 39, St. James' St., S.W.

Jewellery, &c.

Clock	63	0	0	Benson and Co., Ltd., 82-83, New Bond St.
Table of Plate	52	10	0	Elkington & Co., Ltd., 20-22, Regent St., W.
Diamond and Pearl Pendant	52	10	0	Carrington & Co., 130, Regent Street, W.
Necklace with Clasp	20	0	0	Tecla, New Bond Street.
Clock	15	0	0	M. F. Dent, 34, Cockspur Street.
Rose Bowl	12	12	0	Tiffany & Co., 221, Regent Street, W.
Jewellery	10	0	0	Cartier, 175-6, New Bond Street, W.
Diamond and Tortoise-shell Comb	5	5	0	Parisian Diamond Co., Ltd., 85, New Bond St., and 37-43, Burlington Arcade.
Lady's Purse-Bag	5	5	0	Edwards & Sons, 159-161, Regent St., W.
Travelling Vanity-Case				Mark Cross, 89, Regent Street, W.
Piece of Silver	4	4	0	Kirkby and Bunn, 17, Cork Street.
Jewellery	4	4	0	Walker and Hall, Holborn Circus.

Pictures.

John Lavery's (A.R.A.) "The Morning Ride"	210	0	0	"The Illustrated London News."
The Hon. John Collier's "The Summer Night That Paused Among Her Stars"	210	0	0	The Hon. John Collier.
A Colour Sketch by Arthur Hacker	52	0	0	Arthur Hacker, R.A.
A Seaside by B. W. Leader, R.A.	52	0	0	B. W. Leader, R.A.
2 Helleu Proofs	10	0	0	"Illustrated London News," Milford Lane, Strand.

Sittings for Photographs.

Polychromide and Black and White Sittings	42	0	0	Dover St. Studios, Ltd., 38, Dover St., W.
Orders for Sittings	16	16	0	J. Russell & Sons, Ltd., 51, Baker St., W.
3 five-guinea sittings	15	15	0	Bassano, 25, Old Bond Street, W.

Gowns, Etc.

Gown	52	10	0	Reville & Rossiter, Ltd., 15, Hanover Sq., W.
Gown	52	10	0	Mme. A. M. Hayward, 67-68, New Bond St., W.
Sports Coats	52	10	0	Debenham and Freebody, 17-37, Wigmore Street, W.
Model Gown	52	10	0	Paquin, Ltd., 38-39, Dover Street, W.
Model Gown	42	0	0	Redfern, Ltd., 26-27, Conduit Street, W.
Hats	42	0	0	Michée Zac, 2, Hanover Ct., Hanover St., W.
Hats and Blouses	42	0	0	Zyrot et Cie, 14, Hanover Square, W.
Seal Musquash Coat	31	10	0	International Fur Store, Regent Street.
Gown	31	10	0	Mme. Ospovat, 69, New Bond Street.
Fur-trimmed Coat	20	0	0	Révillon Frères, 180, Regent Street.
Coat and Skirt	20	0	0	John Simmons & Sons, 35, Haymarket, W.
Fan	20	0	0	Miss Goodfellow, 14, St. George Street, Hanover Square.
3 Sunshades; 3 Umbrellas	18	18	0	Brigg & Sons, 23, St. James' Street.
Tea Gown	11	11	0	The Misses Pam, 41, New Bond Street.
Blouse				Mme. Mauve, 44, South Molton Street.
Ladies' Shoes	6	6	0	Jack Jacobus, 39-45, Shaftesbury Avenue.
12 Embroidered Silk Handkerchiefs				Edouard & Butler, 15D, Clifford St., W.

Opera-Glasses.

Opera-glasses	5	15	6	Meyrowitz, 1a, Old Bond Street.
Ladies' Opera-glasses	10	10	0	W. Callaghan, New Bond Street.
Binoculars	7	7	0	Goerz, Holborn Circus.

Cigars and Cigarettes.

Cigarettes	131	5	0	Abdulla & Co., 168, New Bond Street, W.
Cigarettes	47	5	0	Milhoff & Co.'s De Reszke Cigarettes.
Cigarettes	47	5	0	H. L. Savory, Piccadilly, W.
Cabinet 600 Cigars	42	0	0	Fribourg & Treyer, 33-34, Haymarket, S.W.
4 3-guinea Cabinets of Cigarettes	12	12	0	Benson and Hedges, 13, Old Bond Street.

Men's Clothes, &c.

Men's Clothing	105	0	0	Pope & Bradley, 14, Old Bond Street, W.
Boots and Hosiery	63	0	0	Savoy Tailors' Guild, Savoy Ct., Strand, W.C.
7 sets of four pair Pyjamas (for men or women)	23	2	0	Swan and Edgar, 39-59, Regent Street, and 9-15, Piccadilly.

Dressing Bags.

Lady's Dressing-Bag	52	10	0	Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street, W.
Lady's Dressing-Bag	30	0	0	Wilson and Gill, 39-41, Regent Street, W.
Gent.'s Dressing-Bag	18	10	0	J. C. Vickery, 179-183, Regent Street, W.

General.

For Small Presents	105	0	0	Ladbroke and Co., 6, Old Burlington St.
Decoration of Room by Arthur de Lissa	52	10	0	Fryers, Ltd., 6, Henrietta Street, W.
Gramophone	30	0	0	Gramophone Co., 21, City Road, E.C.
7 3-guinea Orders for Goods	22	1	0	Boots (Regent Street Branch).
Treatment and Cosmetics	21	0	0	Mlle. Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street.
Passenger Flights (2)	20	0	0	Claude Grahame-White.
Tourist Tickets	14	14	0	Thos. Cook & Son, Ludgate Circus, E.C.
Bonbonnières	12	12	0	Leopold Barbellion, 79, New Bond St., W.
3 Bonbonnières	9	9	0	Fullers, Ltd., 209, Regent Street, W.
Dinner (for four)	5	5	0	Hatchett's White Horse Cellars, Ltd., 79a, Piccadilly, W.
Case of Razors	6	6	0	Charles Jaschke.
Claret	5	0	0	Hatch, Mansfield & Co., 47, Pall Mall.
Sports Goods	3	3	0	A. G. Spalding & Bros. North British Rubber Co.
3 doz. Chick Golf Balls				
A Cabinet	4	4	0	Henry Stone, 44, Newman Street, W.

Theatre Boxes

(Obtained by Miss Gladys Cooper, who also obtained other gifts).

Wyndham's	Gerald du Maurier.
Garrick	Durrant Swan.
London Hippodrome	Fred Trussell.
Coliseum	Oswald Stoll.
Prince of Wales's	T. B. Vaughan.
Royalty	J. E. Vedrenne.
Lyric	P. Michael Faraday.
Globe	Oscar Asche.
Oxford	Blyth Pratt.
Palace (Matinée)	Alfred Butt.
Aldwych (2 Boxes)	A. M. Loader.
Queen's	Geo. Grossmith.
Daly's	Arthur Aldin.
Criterion	Percy Hutchison.
Vaudeville	H. V. Esmond.
Haymarket	Frederick Harrison.
Kingsway	A. E. Drinkwater.
Lyceum	Walter Melville.
New	Cyril Maude.
Empire	Alfred Butt.

N.B.—THE DIP IS FREE: the only payment you are called upon to make is for the ball-ticket, and this covers the admission to the Ball and a Champagne Supper. The price of a ticket was three guineas; it is now four; and will certainly be higher. The Ball takes place, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, on June 25, at the Savoy. Applications for the tickets should be made immediately to Mrs. Carl Leyel, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



DR. A. M. LOW—FOR ENABLING US TO SEE THE CHIEF'S FACE WHEN WE 'PHONE WE ARE TOO ILL TO COME TO BUSINESS.

Dr. A. M. Low has been lecturing in London on his new telephone, which enables you to see the face of the person you are talking to. We must remember not to look too healthy, or wear a straw hat, next time we 'phone up to the office to excuse our attendance on account of serious breakdown.—Admiral Sir



SIR PERCY SCOTT—FOR GETTING UP A LITTLE NAVAL SCARE ALL ON HIS OWN.

Percy Scott has been getting up a scare by writing to the "Times" about the uselessness of battle-ships. Only submarines and air-craft, he says, will keep out invaders.—Yacob, the orang-outang at the pink White City, plays billiards.—[Photographs by Record Press, Lafayette, and Illustrations Bureau.]



YACOB—FOR DEMONSTRATING THAT IF THERE IS A MONKEY IN MAN THERE IS, ON THE OTHER HAND, AN INMAN IN MONKEYS.



VISCOUNT PEEL—FOR HAVING NO POSSIBLE DOUBT THAT THE CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C. TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER THE LORD MAYOR.

The little comedy of precedence in Paris between the Lord Mayor (Sir T. Vansittart Bowater) and the Chairman of the L.C.C. (Lord Peel) has had an amusing sequel since their return. Lord Peel has said: "It is obvious that, as Chairman of the London County Council . . . I should take precedence of



PRINCE OSCAR OF PRUSSIA AND COUNTESS INA MARIE BASSEWITZ—FOR PREFERING LOVE IN A (MORGAN)ATTIC TO SOLITARY STATE IN A PALACE.

the Lord Mayor." Sir Vansittart Bowater has said: "There can, of course, be no question that the Lord Mayor always has precedence over the Chairman of the County Council."—Prince Oscar of Prussia, the Kaiser's fifth son, is to marry morganatically Countess Ina Bassewitz.—[Photos. by Lafayette and Record Press.]



SIR T. VANSITTART BOWATER—FOR HAVING NO POSSIBLE DOUBT THAT THE LORD MAYOR TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER THE CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.



FIELD, THE WARWICKSHIRE BOWLER—FOR MISTAKING THE WORCESTER WICKETS FOR A SET OF NINEPINS.



MR. ASQUITH—FOR DEVELOPING A STATESMANLIKE STYLE OF HIS OWN AT THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GAME.



HERR SCHROEDER—FOR DRIVING THE KAISER'S CAR FOR TEN YEARS AND BECOMING A MODEL OF HIS MASTER.



MR. F. R. FOSTER—FOR BATTING AS IF WARWICKSHIRE WERE CELEBRATING SHAKESPEARE'S TERCENTENARY.

In the match between Warwickshire and Worcestershire at Dudley, Field, the Warwickshire fast bowler, took six wickets for only two runs in Worcestershire's second innings. Mr. F. R. Foster hit up the huge score of 305 not out for Warwickshire, who declared at 645 for 7 wickets, and won by an innings and

321 runs.—During his visit to Lord Sheffield in Wales Mr. Asquith played golf.—The Kaiser's chauffeur, Herr Schroeder, has, to judge by our photograph, developed a remarkable facial resemblance to his Imperial master. He has held his post ever since the Emperor got his first motor ten years ago.



AN IDEA USED IN A STORY BY OSCAR WILDE: A DREAM OF A FAIR WOMAN'S DRESS AND ITS MAKING.

Dreams of a Dress. The scheme of "My Lady's Dress" is not exactly novel. The idea of presenting the dream of a young person concerning various episodes connected with the birth of the materials for a costume and its construction has been anticipated—chiefly, I believe, by Oscar Wilde in a story about a king and his dream on the night before his Coronation, but I cannot recollect the name of the story. My memory is very troublesome in the matter of names and constantly lets me down, just as it does as to quotations, and forces me to grope about in the rather large collection of books that I have gradually amassed and love—not a really large collection, of course. The worst of it is that when I have found the book and the passage, I sometimes go on reading and reading till the fire goes out, and I wake with the shudders to the fact that I have been neglecting my work. This does not happen so often since the reign of Mrs. Monocle as in former days, for she is apt to bring me to book by dragging me away from it. The young lady who dreamed about her gown had a nice neat little collection of well-rounded dreams—mine, as a rule, are very confused and curiously vague—and she betrayed astonishing knowledge. For instance, the first playlet was founded on the fact that silkworms easily catch cold and die. I have a fairly large collection of miscellaneous knowledge, due to many experiences and much reading—a kind of dust-heap store with all sorts of trash and a few little bits

of treasure, wherefore my book-plate as motto bears the words "Non multum, sed multa"—but I did not know this fact about silkworms, yet I kept them when I was a boy. I fancy that they succeeded guinea-pigs; or was it lop-eared rabbits? Lots of them turned their numerous little tocs up to the stars—perhaps because they caught cold, poor dears! And yet it is difficult to be sentimental about silkworms. I wonder whether, on one of those days when the fish are off their feed and turn up their little noses (I don't think they really can turn them up) at the baits we present laboriously, a silkworm—a live, curly-wurly silkworm—would prove a winner. Perhaps. There may be a snobbish instinct in fish. I can imagine a portly chub, after being carefully returned to the water, explaining to some scornful friend that it was not an ordinary kind of worm that attracted him, but a real silkworm. And yet they ought to know something about silk, for our lines are silk, and our casts the silkworm-gut—no longer the horsehair or catgut or Indian grass of dear old Isaac Walton.

Round the World. The second "snack" is better than the first—quite a neat little drama in which an amiable, ne'er-do-well, skilful silk-weaver substitutes his work for that of a poor little woman who was trying to keep the house together by clumsy labour. I don't know why Mr. Knoblauch took us to Holland for lace-work, since, although the brave Batavians have produced some admirable lace, greater credit is due elsewhere, and Italy has the first claim. Still, we had a neat

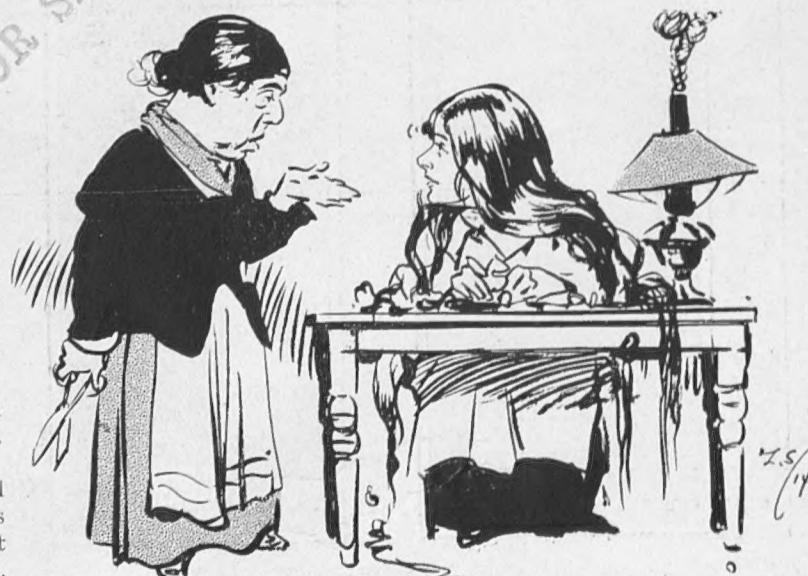
comediatta, and excellent humorous acting by Mr. Eadie as a Dutch fop—not too Dutch. Our own East End figures in a very sentimental drama about the making of the artificial flowers for the gown, and presents a hump-back who sacrificed her beautiful hair. Miss Lynn Fontanne and Mr. Eadie played very cleverly as East Enders, but the picture of the Whitechapelians is very unconvincing.

The Milliner's
Shop.

The Siberian episode connected with the fur for my lady's gown is feeble stuff with a ridiculous, boiled-down flavour—a sort of five acts in ten minutes. This, of course, is to some extent the criticism upon the whole affair. Instead of trying to give a dream-like collection of vague, merging pictures, the author has written a set of neat, nicely rounded-off comediettas—all, it is true, relating to the dress, and containing the dreamer and her husband as principal figures, but sharply separated from one another, and none having the least trace of dreamland; and, of course, several of them are exactly what a short play ought not to be—mere long plays told briefly. They reminded me a little of those comic digests of the *feuilleton* introduced to assist readers—a synopsis, or argument, I believe, is a more correct term. "Last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history," is the milliner's shop. (There are people who pretend that I know nothing about Shakespeare, so I hope you will note how pat I can introduce an appropriate recondite quotation—I ought to add that no prize is offered to the first reader who guesses where the quotation comes from.) The last comedietta is the best, and is quite meritorious apart from the foolish, melodramatic ending, for we had a clever picture of the milliner's shop and the ferociously commercial, highly artistic man who ran it. I should like to let *The Sketch* in for a libel action by mentioning some people of whom Mr. Dennis Eadie apparently gives a very ingenious, amusing compound portrait. However, I will spare the paper, since the Editor has given me a holiday, and I have just had the privilege of staggering the nobility and gentry of Southend-on-Sea by my golf: my divots, they say, are the finest on record in the district. The flat-fishing from the pier was not as good as usual, but the cockles were simply stunning. The mannequins—not at Southend, but in the Soho theatre—are quite charming: indeed, I begin to wish that an article on one of the shops where these beautiful maidens parade came within the ambit of "The Stage from the Stalls." I fancy that I could be inspired to write something really luscious. Taken altogether, "My Lady's Dress" is quite a good entertainment. One may wish that the idea had been handled more finely, but then the piece might have been less successful, and that's the pity of it. Mr. Eadie's picture of the man-milliner is a really brilliant piece of comic acting. I ought also to mention the

IN THE LYONS (NOT IN HUNGARY)
SCENE: MR. DENNIS EADIE AS
JOANNY, THE DRUNKEN OUVRIER,
IN "MY LADY'S DRESS."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.



"GITCH YER 'AIR CUT—AND SELL IT FOR TEN POUNDS": MISS BERYL MERCER AS MRS. MOSS AND MISS GLADYS COOPER AS ANNIE IN THE WHITECHAPEL SCENE IN "MY LADY'S DRESS."

CARICATURED BY TONY SARG.

fact that Miss Gladys Cooper pleases her countless admirers by her performance of many parts; and Miss Edith Evans, as a Dutch woman, gives a skilful piece of work.

E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

BY OUR UNTAMED ARTIST: "MY LADY'S DRESS."



THE EVOLUTION OF A "CREATION": THE COSTUME DREAM-DRAMA AT THE ROYALTY.

Mr. Edward Knoblauch's play at the Royalty, "My Lady's Dress," which seems to be in for a good run, is rather a new departure in play-making. In a series of separate comediettas, set in the framework of a fashionable woman's dream, he shows dramatic episodes in various countries connected with the evolution of a lady's gown

and its accessories. The three Acts are: I. The Material; II. The Trimming; and III. The Making. Each act has three scenes. Mr. Dennis Eadie and Miss Gladys Cooper appear as hero and heroine, in very varying characters, in each scene throughout. The scenes here illustrated are laid in Siberia, Dover Street, and Holland.



LADY BEAUMONT has held her six-centuries-old barony for eighteen years, she is engaged to be married, and is not twenty. When her father was killed she was hardly more than one year, and too young to remember the tragedy of the accidental but fatal Beaumont shooting. Her sister, the Hon. Ivy Mary Stapleton, was born posthumously. For nine months, while the Law and Lords discussed their case, the barony, fell into abeyance; but long before the two small persons in the nursery of Carlton Towers knew anything about ancestors and co-heirs the title was restored. Those infants were, at one time, somewhat elaborately tied up in red tape, but it never bothered them.

The Beaumonts and Mr. Fleming. The barony had previously fallen into dormancy, but for a period of well over three hundred years instead of for a few months. That was in 1507, upon the death of the second Viscount and Baron Beaumont, whose father was the first person honoured with the higher degree of the peerage in England. The Viscountcy expired, and the Barony fell into abeyance until some ninety years ago. It was revived at a time when revivals were a fashion. The epidemic of claims taken before the Lords was largely due to the genius of the lawyer who, in consequence, won for himself a place in the pages of "Lothair." Mr. Fleming recovered the Beaumont barony for Miles Stapleton, grandfather of the young lady whose engagement is now announced.

Agreeable Persons.

"On Saturday," wrote Dizzy to his sister in 1837, "I dined with Wyndham Lewis, Lady C. Churchill (who is still young and must have been beautiful), and Miles Stapleton, author of 'Paynell,' an agreeable person." The family has been rich in agreeable persons ever since, and though history does not supply us with such adjectives, there is no reason to suppose that the family was not agreeable in the fourteenth and even remoter centuries. Lady Beaumont herself, in the twentieth, is eminently agreeable.

The Fashion. She is, moreover, wise enough in her generation to desire no reputation of a more startling nature. One type of modern young woman is apt to look for other kinds of praise; she likes to be called wild, Bohemian, *lancée, très-moderne*; she is abrupt, off-hand, and a little rude when she wants to please (and there is the paradox) after the new fashion. Lady Beaumont has not fallen under the spell. She is in all things fashionable, except in the most stupid of all fashions. She doesn't use bad language, even under cover of a laugh.

Her Popularity. Everybody likes her—priests, ploughboys, and princes. At Carlton Towers, a Puginesque mansion of the last century, she has made friends with Yorkshire at large, and Rome knows her well, but in London her circle has been less wide. With her engagement, however, to Lord Howard of Glossop's elder son she will be called upon to fill an active part in London Society. The Butes and the Norfolks become her relatives. Marriages, by the way, have not greatly prospered the Beaumont barony—marriages, that is, among male holders of the title. Her father was married for two years, the previous peer for only four, and the eighth Baron for ten. Here, obviously, with other changes, we may look for a change of luck, and a golden wedding!

Rights for Peeresses.

As yet she has not been troubled by politics, but the time may come. No woman, perhaps, has quite such good reason for grumbling at the established order as a peeress in her own right. She is the holder of titles by virtue of heredity, but the hereditary house is shut to her. Even if she is no more desirous of entering the Lords than she is of entering the smoking-room at the Athenæum, she cannot help pondering the anomaly of the prohibition. Flatterers tell her she stands as a type of the equality of the sexes—that she has the rank of a baron, a man's prerogative for passing on her honours to her children, and, in addition, the unfair advantage of being beautiful. But let a Baroness in her own right (a well-sounding phrase) take such flatterers to Westminster to see what the masculine guardians of the masculine law would say to her pretensions to a seat. "Not this way, Miss," would be her welcome at the entrance to the Chamber of her Peers.

"Monalogues."

Mona Josephine Tempest Stapleton, Baroness Beaumont, is her name in full; but, like any lord, she has the right to a much briefer signature. "Beaumont," according to the strict convention, is the way in which she winds up her correspondence, but in her more familiar "Monalogues," as she calls them, she seldom practises the formalities. She is to marry the future Lord Howard of Glossop, and will one day become



TO MARRY THE HON. BERNARD FITZALAN-HOWARD: BARONESS BEAUMONT.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A PEERESS IN HER OWN RIGHT ENGAGED TO THE HEIR OF A PEER: BARONESS BEAUMONT, WHO IS TO MARRY THE ELDER SON OF LORD HOWARD OF GLOSSOP. Baroness Beaumont, whose engagement to the Hon. Bernard Fitzalan-Howard, elder son and heir of Lord Howard of Glossop, was recently announced, succeeded her father, the tenth Lord Beaumont, who died in 1895. She was born in 1894, and has one sister, the Hon. Ivy Stapleton, born in 1895 after her father's death. Their mother, Ethel, Baroness Beaumont, is a daughter of the late Sir Charles Tempest, Bt., and married the late Lord Beaumont in 1893.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

"Beaumont and Mona Howard of Glossop." The question of a son's style we leave to the wiseacres of "Burke" and "Whitaker" and "Debrett." Hypothetical titles are rather beyond the ordinary mortal. Sufficient unto the day is the nomenclature thereof.

ASCOT DEFENDED—AGAINST POSSIBLE MILITANT ACTION.



1. LAID ON IN THE ENCLOSURE AND CALCULATED TO STOP A RUSH:
THE NEW WATER HYDRANT.

3. A SIGNAL WHICH CAN BE HEARD TWO MILES AWAY: AN ALARM
GUN BEING SET BY AN ATTENDANT.

The Ascot authorities, it is very evident, are keeping an eye on the possibility of militant Suffragettes causing trouble at the great meeting. Indeed, they have already

2. STATIONED BY THE PADDOCK AT ASCOT BOTH BY DAY AND NIGHT:
A WATCH-DOG.

4. GOING THE ROUNDS AT ASCOT AS A PRECAUTION AGAINST OUTRAGE:
A WATCHMAN WITH HIS DOG.

prepared such defences as those here illustrated—dogs, alarm-guns, and a new water-hydrant for the enclosure.—[Photographs by G.L.U.]

CROWNS·CORONETS·COURTIERS

DESPITE the substantial rivalry of Drury Lane, Covent Garden is always full of people and incident. The kisses b'own to her friends by Miss Elizabeth Asquith have started a fashion that does something to enliven the intervals. Miss Asquith's greetings from box to box are, to say the least, friendlier than the customary exchange of glances through opera-glasses. It b'hoves Miss Nancy Cunard, who is the devoted adherent of the Russian camp, to institute new ways and means at Drury Lane. She divides with the P.M.'s younger daughter (who, by the way, was presented at the recent Court) the honour of being the most amusingly precocious maiden of the year.

A Week-End Shibbleth. "Now for my Collins!" is the

Tuesday lament of all week-enders. A "Collins," the current name for the bread-and-butter letter due to hostesses, gets its name from the ridiculous clergyman in "Pride and Prejudice" who writes his pompous thanks to Mrs. Bennet. "Pride and

TO MARRY TO-MORROW (JUNE 11): MR. HENRY DURELL BARNES AND MISS EVELYN HOPE WYNDHAM.

Miss Wyndham is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham, of Folkestone, and granddaughter of the late Sir George R. Barker. Mr. Barnes is the elder son of the late Mr. H. D. Barnes, and of Mrs. Barnes, of Berkeley, Faversham. [Photographs by Lafayette.]

on the strength of her patient's parched tongue and feverish brow. The kitchens did splendid service, and supplied every sort of invalid

diet, from barley-water to port and chicken. If

the waits for the coming

of the "wounded"

were rather long, there

was a wonderful view

of the Downs for consola-

tion, and various

good angels to help

pass the time. Miss

Curzon, who had

driven over from Lord

Zouche's place near

by, was particularly

industrious in giving

the first-aid of smiles

and encouragement to

those who needed them. The most com-

petent nurse, when

she has nothing to do

is sometimes a-weary

A Field Day in Bignor Park lent its lawns, kitchens, and cow-houses to a most

successful meet of the Red Cross Society. Half Sussex watched the sham operations that followed an imaginary sham fight. The cow-houses were the centre of attraction, for in

them the wounded were laid out on straw to await the doctors. The

"wounded" were not always happy,

for in some cases their bandages were

as tightly rolled as if real arteries

needed stoppage. One sufferer de-

manded release, and got it—but not

before he saw his appointed nurse

drink the cup of tea she had ordered

the strength of her patient's parched tongue and feverish brow.

The kitchens did splendid service, and supplied every sort of invalid

diet, from barley-water to port and chicken. If

the waits for the coming

of the "wounded"

were rather long, there

was a wonderful view

of the Downs for consola-

tion, and various

good angels to help

pass the time. Miss

Curzon, who had

driven over from Lord

Zouche's place near

by, was particularly

industrious in giving

the first-aid of smiles

and encouragement to

those who needed them. The most com-

petent nurse, when

she has nothing to do

is sometimes a-weary



TO MARRY THE HON. HAROLD LUBBOCK TO-DAY (JUNE 10): MISS DOROTHY FORSTER.

Miss Forster is the elder daughter of Mr. Henry W. Forster M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Forster, only sister of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Mr. Lubbock is a son of the late Lord Avebury.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MISS MARGARET PICTON GRANT MORRIS, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN J. H. D. COSTEKER WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 9).

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Morris, of 79, Elm Park Gardens. Captain Costeker, D.S.O., of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Costeker, of 46, Evelyn Gardens.

Photograph by Macnaghten.



MR. ALAN KEITH GIBSON AND MISS DOROTHY RADCLIFFE BROWNE, WHOSE MARRIAGE WAS ARRANGED FOR YESTERDAY (JUNE 9).

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Edward Gibson, of Litania, Parkstone, Dorset. The bride is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Browne, of Hoburne, Christchurch, Hants. [Photographs by Swaine.]

(the portrait was put in the hands of an expert restorer), but with the "Heaven" that completes his scheme of decoration for the Boston Library.



Mr. Sargent, who spent the weekend in the company of his illustrious sitter, is in better spirits about the mutilated "Henry James." The canvas is mended, and so well mended that the painter himself can hardly discover the scars. Lately Mr. Sargent has been busy, not with the ravages of the Suffragettes

(with the hands of an expert restorer), but with the "Heaven" that completes his scheme of decoration for the Boston Library.

TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES H. MALDEN TO-DAY (JUNE 10): MISS LILIAN BAGSHAWE.

Miss Bagshawe is the younger twin daughter of Mr. Ernest Bagshawe, of Poise House, Hazel Grove, Cheshire. Captain Malden is in the Royal Marines.

Photograph by Swaine.

hero for this week's at-home is Dr. Douglas Mawson, and no adventurer could have a prettier welcome. Mrs. Alec Tweedie knows how to entertain, and particularly does she know how to entertain a traveller. She has too often put the joys of complimentary at-homes to the test when she herself has come from distant and distinguished journeys to do anything but exactly the right thing. When a few years ago she "discovered America" (as somebody put it after reading her vast volume on the States) she experienced the hospitality of a whole hospitable continent. America is still the best school in the world for hostesses.

A Personal Explanation. to "be nice to the Carsons" was in old days the beginning of the Duke of Norfolk's rather astonishing leanings towards Ulster. It puzzles the casual observer to understand the Duke's willingness to listen to the "to h— with Popery" speeches of the Belfast

A DUKE'S DAUGHTER AS RIDER AT OLYMPIA: LADY JEAN.



1. INCLUDING LADY JEAN DOUGLAS, WHO, IT WAS ARRANGED, SHOULD RIDE AT OLYMPIA: THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON AND HER CHILDREN.
 2. A COMPETITOR IN THE CLASS FOR PONIES RIDDEN BY GIRLS UNDER TWELVE, AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA:
 LADY JEAN DOUGLAS, ELDER DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

It was arranged that Lady Jean Douglas, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, should ride at the Olympia Horse Show in the class for ponies ridden by girls under twelve years of age. Lady Jean is ten, and, like her brothers and her sister, is an accomplished rider. The children of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton

are the Marquess of Douglas, born in 1903; Lady Jean Douglas, born in 1904; Lord George, born in 1906; Lady Margaret, born in 1907; Lord Malcolm, born in 1909; and Lord David, born in 1912. Before her marriage, which took place in 1901, her Grace was known as Miss Nina Poore, daughter of Major Robert Poore,

Photographs by Swaine.



BETWEEN STATIONS

BY GRANT RICHARDS.

(Author of "Covvare" and "Valentine.")

IN the old days when I was a young man those who claimed to know him best asserted with every show of belief and with some circumstance that Mr. W. B. Yeats actually carried fairies about with him—carried them about in a little bag, and that if you were a friend of his and if you had the right spirit he would produce them, not for your amusement but for the support of your already declared conviction. I saw him often but I saw never the fairies nor even the little bag. . . .

Since then the constant reading of Mr. Arthur Machen's stories has modified my opinions about fairies. One of his characters maintains that humanity has pictured the fairy as a benign, pretty little creature in order to propitiate him, but that in very truth he is a creature of horror, hideous, a being of evil nature in his every act and impulse. So Mr. Machen himself would seem to believe, and to that belief did I, reading "The House of Souls," come in time. Almost I crossed myself and thanked my stars that civilisation, bricks and mortar, the motor-car, had chased the "fairy" from our green fields. Certainly I saw never one of the little people, nor any sign, either in woodland or on Celtic cliffs, that one had been before me.

However, if I have seen no such creature, those of my house have. And they have seen them under just those circumstances which a student of the old stories would suggest as the most suitable.

A woman, one of my family, thought that on Midsummer's Eve it would be pleasant, strange, interesting, if she slept through the night on a Cornish headland some mile from the rooms in which she was lodging. Whether she attached any particular supernatural significance to the day, whether fairies were in her mind, I do not know, but I do know that waking in the early morning, and brushing the cobwebs of sleep from her eyes, she looked out over the gorse and bracken and saw clearly, unmistakably, a fairy, a little, pleasant creature, not very concrete, not quite of flesh and blood. It was, and then, after a space, as if it had seen her and resented her gaze, it was not; it faded away. . . . She swears to the truth of her vision. Of course she may have deceived herself, but she is not ordinarily a person of fancy. Returning after a while to her lodgings she met her landlady, a Cornish woman of the older school, to whom, without a word of her strange experience, she related where she had chosen to sleep. "Why, Marm, that be where my old uncle used to see the fairies years gone by." I am assured that until that morning the idea that local gossip or tradition

assigned fairies to the neighbourhood was quite new to her. Now that happened not so very long ago.

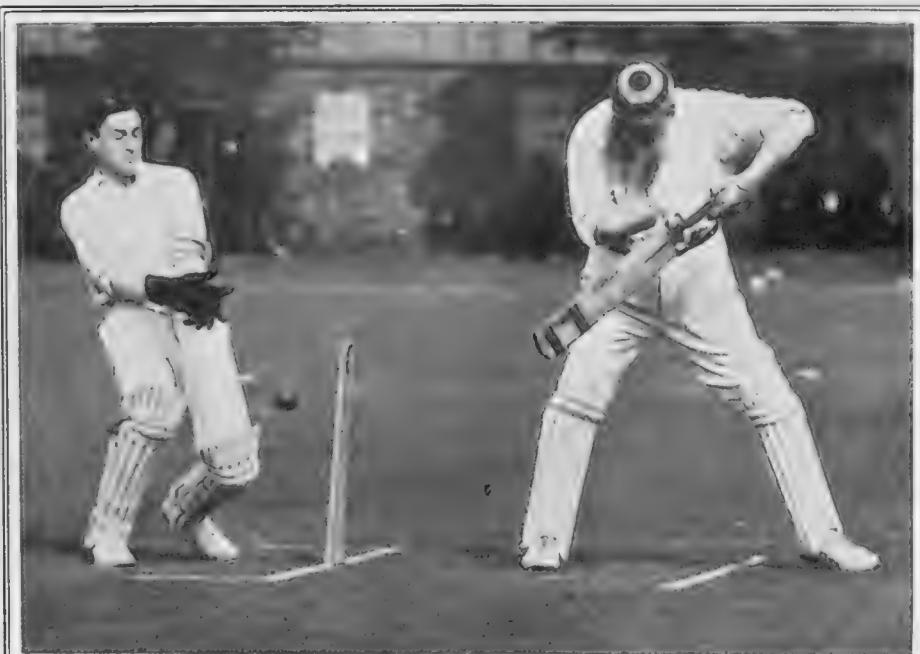
More recent and much less interesting, since there is no collateral evidence, is the experience of a little boy of eight who was sleeping, only a few days ago, on the balcony of a house which overlooks one of those unspoiled commons, a wilderness of hawthorn and bracken, which are still to be found within thirty miles of London. It is a place alive with rabbits and small feral creatures; years ago it was the resort of highwaymen; to-day sheep graze in its rides, and nature runs wild. Well, this infant came round-eyed to breakfast with the tale that he had surely seen a fairy. Examined and cross-examined, he maintained that, waking as was his wont a long time before he was "called," he lay looking out idly over the common and was aware suddenly of the presence, perhaps a hundred yards away, of a small creature, whose face was "kind of indistinct," dressed in brown. He vows that he was not asleep. I gather that he would know the little creature again by his clothes. That it might possibly have been a village child or a hare is, he says, ridiculous. Like its fellow of the Cornish cliff, it vanished easily. "I think it went up one of the paths through the bushes," I was told.

Now both these "fairies," in appearance at least, had the old-fashioned pleasant attributes of the little people. They evoked no sense of sudden horror. Rather might they be, as the time were more propitious, the timid though powerful friends of man. Not so the fairy female, a creature of great age and frightening mien, who, in the same house and equally near to the traditional homes of fairy folk, haunted the foot of the bed of the little boy's sister. Night after night, her light taken away, the child would immediately see this being, who existed, I gather, in her own radiance, and who would glower and frown, and then: "Did I see you get up? Did I see you get up?" she would ask in shrill, minatory tones. At length the child could stand this nightly visitant no longer. Terrified of the creature herself and shy of the possible result of mentioning her to her elders, she took, trembling, the law into her own hands. That night, asked the same question, she answered it without hesitation: "Yes, you did; and what then?" But there was no response. Surprised at evoking any reply, the bully, the scold, vanished incontinently and has appeared never again.



NOT TOO OLD AT SIXTY-FIVE! "GRACE WILLIAM GILBERT, SURGEON" STILL BEFORE THE WICKETS.

Dr. W. G. Grace—"Grace, William Gilbert, surgeon," begins "Who's Who"—will be sixty-six on July 18, but is still playing cricket. He turns out regularly for Eltham. Playing against the Lewisham Wanderers the other day, he made 19.—[Photograph by C.N.]



"W. G." MISSES THE BALL: THE GRAND OLD MAN OF CRICKET AS LIVELY AS A CRICKET!

Photograph by C.N.

So there are three people, one of them grown, who claim to have seen fairies, and who refuse for a moment to allow that they are deceived.

"The Sketch" Supplement to the "Encyclopædia of Sport"!



V.—JONAHING WHALES IN PEGWELL BAY.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



NOT POSTE RESTANTE. BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married."

I DO not see why not! There does exist a code that love-letters should only be read by the one to whom they are written, but are not all codes wrong, as all laws are wrong, for the same reason that ready-made clothes are wrong? I am alluding, as you may have guessed, to the publication of Parnell's love-letters. Parnell is beyond all annoyances, Mrs. O'Shea feels better for having poured out her crammed memory into two huge volumes, her publishers are rubbing their hands, the public—you and I—are satisfying our none too nice curiosity, and everything is for the best in the best of worlds, is it not? Why so much indignant controversy about those two books in particular? Nothing that is sacred can be desecrated by any lack of secrecy. Else how could we bear to have public weddings unashamed and crowded? How could we read, "A marriage has been arranged" in the fashionable columns of newspapers without shuddering? How could we bear Divorce Courts and Temples where we kneel in the daylight and pray aloud by the side of our neighbour? What is sacred is safe; nothing can defile it, neither publicity nor prurience. What are letters? What are words? What are deeds? What are thoughts, even? We can teach our hands to write falsely, we can teach our lips to lie, we can act while our self stands aghast at our hypocrisy or our madness; we can train our mind to think erroneously—but we cannot desecrate our soul! It can never be delivered into the hands of the foe, or—alas! of the friend—and is it not this causes the despair of him or her who does indeed love? The soul, the secret, selfish, serene, sacred thing that escapes you, that you cannot grasp, and cannot hold—the light behind the blue eyes—that mysterious other self of the beloved.

Parnell's love-letters, well, we have read them, and do they tell us, those poor, inarticulate things, of what he felt? Can anyone read anything in them but the very ineffective expression of a busy, harassed, and reserved man? If there were ten volumes of them, and if we had time and perseverance enough to read them, should we be any nearer to what he felt? could we touch the soul of the man?

Parnell was a particularly poor writer of love-letters, but no one better gifted in this respect than he was—no one could measure out in little inky signs the incomprehensible and the unfathomable. When we have given everything to the one we love, what we are, what we have been, what we shall be—and oh! with what pathetic eagerness, what we wish we could be; when we have told our love until our talk is just a litany; when we have wept, and shown, and sworn, and protested, and proven; when our very everyday life is one long prayer; when our whole self turns towards the thought of the loved one, as a flower to the sun; when the utmost is done, and everything given—there is a thing scared and struggling that

the circle of two arms cannot crush. Is there such a tyranny as that of the intangible?

What matters it that a yellowish, musty-smelling bundle of sweet letters should be transformed into two brand-new red tomes at half-a-guinea each? They were only paper, you know, flimsy pieces of paper like bank-notes, with, like them, quite a conventional value; but love itself cannot be copied or bound, and neither can it be sold.

You can go up in the sky in a balloon or an aeroplane, you can photograph the heavens, or, like the Gaulois warriors of old, throw defiantly javelins to the storm—and the sky is still sacred and sublime. You can go all over the sea, and paint its immensity on a rag of canvas; you can direct the sewers under its waves—and the sea is still the same and unsullied.

Letters and photographs, faded relics of our dead selves, so incomplete, so unreal—they reveal so little, only dates, facts, and fashions!

Letters can never be satisfying: they can only be compromising, as a certain lady realised who, entering unnoticed in a Paris drawing-room filled with smart gossipers, heard herself being discussed apropos of a recent divorce.

"Yes, my dear," a woman was saying, "a whole bundle of letters from the Baroness X was found in his bureau by his wife."

The Baroness shook angry shoulders under her blue fox stole, and, spreading two fluttering white hands, exclaimed with shrill indignation, "Oh, *par exemple*! this is too strong! Madame is misinformed—those letters were not mine. To begin with, *I make it a rule never to write!*"

I suppose the aforesaid Baroness also made it a rule *never* to be in love! It is much more convenient not to! Had she loved she would have written—maybe poor, prosaic, wingless letters, even as the great Parnell's—but she would have written, because what

else is there left to do, I ask you, during the absence of the beloved?

No, Parnell's love is not desecrated, and no one should feel indignant even if the reliquary has been broken open; neither is it *lèse-hérosip* to stare at a genius in slippers—we know there are always slippers, if not feet of clay! What is sad is not that his love-story should be thrown to the public, but that it should ever have had to be hidden! What is pitiful is not that the pale ink of his missives should have been made in cold print a prey for the curious, but that in so many of them you can see the price a proud man can pay. He had to be prudent. He had to be careful. He did not know the glory of shouting his love to the world. His passion, instead of running fearless, had to walk on tip-toe; and the only reason why his love-letters should not have been brought to light is that they were phantoms in the dark.



MUCH CONCERNED WITH THE AMAZING MIDNIGHT BALL AT THE SAVOY:

MRS. CARL LEYEL.

Mrs. Carl Leyel, very well known as an organiser of fashionable balls, is much interested in the forthcoming amazing Midnight Ball at the Savoy, many details as to which are given in our Supplement. It is from her you must get full information and tickets—at the Savoy Hotel, London.

“ Highbrow ” PORTRAITURE.



THE SITTER: But surely my eyebrow is not blue?

THE FUTURIST PORTRAIT-PAINTER: That's not your eyebrow: that's your character!

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



THE RUSSIAN BALLET CREATED BY ISADORA DUNCAN: THE ROMANTIC REBELLION.*

Isadora Duncan's Part. The Russian Ballet as we in London know it was created by Isadora Duncan. The statement is surprising, but, on the authority of the Kinneys, it is true. This was the manner of it. Isadora Duncan had danced to success in Paris, in Berlin, and in Vienna. "The people of St. Petersburg and Moscow . . . were dissatisfied with their ballet. Beyond the vague charge of lack of interest, they could not analyse their complaint. They were puzzled. Training more careful than that given in their Academy could not be. Nor was any school of the dance superior to the composite French-Italian on which the Russian ballet was based. Each detailed objection was answered, yet a decided majority agreed that something was wrong." Isadora Duncan appeared in St. Petersburg. Mikail Fokine saw her, declared her a goddess, and, in company with others and against the rules, invited her to give a special performance in the Imperial Ballet Academy. It was done: "the Romantic Rebellion dates from that hour." In other words, Isadora Duncan introduced to the members of the Russian Ballet a vision of the ballet now known to the world as Russian. "In no time at all the secessionists were a body including some of the ablest of both masters and pupils."

The Secessionists from the Imperial Ballet. "In Russia the ballet is as definitely a ward of the Government as the army is. No more carefully are candidates for a national military academy selected than are applicants for admission to the Imperial Ballet Academy. Those admitted are cared for as though each were an heir to the throne, given an all-round art education that could not be duplicated anywhere else in the world, and rigorously drilled in dancing six days a week for seven or eight years. As they qualify for it, they appear on occasion in the *corps de ballet* of the Imperial Opera, dear to the hearts of nobility and a theatre-going public. By the terms of agreement with the Government, they are assured employment at specified pay for a specified number of years in the ballet, after which they retire on a pension. The pay is not high, but with it is an assured career and an honourable one, and a likelihood of considerable emolument through instruction, imperial gifts, and Government favours." Yet, when Isadora Duncan came there were secessionists. "To lost pensions and the certain displeasure of a firm-handed Government they gave no heed. They were complete idealists, bent on a big purpose. Of the stories of that secession that we have had from

of something that looked better to them than the art they had known." It was not long before the new ballet took shape. M. Fokine became its head; amongst the dancers were Nijinsky, Bolm, Pavlova, and Karsavina; later recruits were Mordkin and Volinine



A BUCK RABBIT INDEED! MISS STELLA DENTON WITH HER PET ON A LEAD, IN BEXHILL.

Miss Denton, of Bexhill, takes her pet rabbit for walks in this fashion. Bunny—by now almost as celebrated as the Bunny of the pictures!—defies all dogs he meets.

from Moscow. In alliance were such composers as Glazounov, Rimski-Korsakov, Tcherepnin; and with them Léon Bakst.

Exhibiting Representative Russian Art.

The Government was defied. Then Sergius Diagilev entered upon the scene. He it was who made peace, turned what in the eyes of the authorities was a fault into a virtue. "He outlined a plan which in itself deserves a place in diplomatic history. . . . They have created a new and great art. . . . Europe respects Russia for her force, not for her thought. Its common belief is that Russia is a nation of savages, because it has seen no purely Russian art that it would call great. My proposal is that these people be reinstated in the Opera and the Academy, that they be granted a long leave of absence, and that I be commissioned to arrange for them a season in Paris, as an exhibition of representative Russian art, sanctioned by the Russian Government." There followed the first season of *le Ballet Russe* in Paris.

The Imperial Training. The secessionists will be the first to own that they owe the Imperial Ballet Academy a great debt. As we have noted before, nothing could exceed the thoroughness of the training there. "A student in the Russian Academy does not risk discovering, after some years of study, that he cannot stand the physical training, nor does he learn, when it is too late to turn back, that his road to high places is blocked by defect of health, structure, or proportion. As a candidate for admission, he undergoes an examination by a board of physicians, painters, and sculptors. If he enters, it is after their approval, the examiners measuring the candidate by the standards of their respective arts. . . . Seven or eight is the age for entrance, and the contract binds the pupil for nine years' training. . . . At the expiration of this time the Government has all rights to the dancer's services, at a moderate salary, varying according to the rank for which he qualifies in the ballet organisation. From the graduates of the Academy are recruited the ballets of the two Imperial Opera Houses—the Mariinski Theatre in St. Petersburg

and the Opera House in Moscow."—The visit of the Russian Ballet to Drury Lane having just begun, we have chosen to quote from the Kinneys' book something about that ballet alone, but it should be understood that in doing so we indicate but a single phase of "The Dance." The volume deals exhaustively with the dancing of most peoples, in most ages, and must not be neglected by those interested.



IN SUNNY SPAIN—AT THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION: THE LORD MAYOR AMIDST BEAUTIES OF KING ALFONSO'S COUNTRY, AT THE OPENING CEREMONY.

Photograph by Record Press.

various participants, not one shows the faintest reflection that any of the band thought of the possible sacrifice of his career. They were not estimating material prospects. They simply saw the vision

* "The Dance: Its Place in Art and Life." By Troy and Margaret West Kinney. With a frontispiece in colour and one hundred and seventy-six line drawings and diagrams by the authors, and three hundred and thirty-four illustrations in black-and-white from photographs. (William Heinemann; 15s. net.)

CATTY COLLOQUIES.



THE YOUNG BRIDE: I didn't accept Jim the first time he proposed.

MISS RYVAL (*slightly envious*): I know you didn't, dear.

THE YOUNG BRIDE: How do you know?

MISS RYVAL: You weren't there.

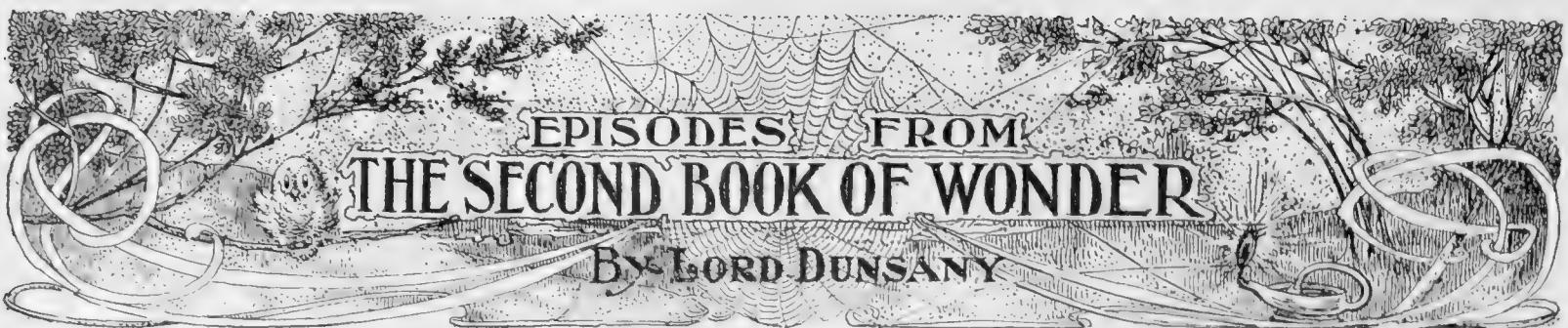
DRAWN BY BERTRAM PRANCE.



THE MISTRESS: I'm surprised that you want to leave, Mary. I consider you've
a very good situation. As you know, I do some of the work myself.

MARY: Yes, but you don't do it to my satisfaction.

DRAWN BY J. TODDS.



EPISODE V.—THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

IN an ill-lit, ancient tavern that I know are many tales of the sea; but not without the wine of Gorgondy, that I had of a private bargain from the gnomes, was the tale laid bare for which I had waited of an evening for the greater part of a year.

I knew my man and listened to his stories, sitting amidst the bluster of his oaths: I plied him with rum and whisky and mixed drinks, but there never came the tale for which I sought, and as a last resort I went to the Huthneth Mountains and bargained there all night with the chiefs of the gnomes.

When I came to the ancient tavern and entered the low-roofed room, bringing the hoard of the gnomes in a bottle of hammered iron, my man had not yet arrived. The sailors laughed at my old iron bottle, but I sat down and waited; had I opened it then they would have wept and sung. I was well content to wait, for I knew my man had the story, and that it was such a one as had profoundly stirred the incredulity of the faithless.

He entered and greeted me, and sat down and called for brandy. He was a hard man to turn from his purpose, and, uncorking my iron bottle, I sought to dissuade him from brandy for fear that when the brandy bit his throat he should refuse to leave it for any other wine. He lifted his head and said deep and dreadful things of any man that should dare to speak against brandy.

I swore that I said nothing against brandy, but added that it was often given to children, while Gorgondy was only drunk by men of such depravity that they had abandoned sin because all the usual vices had come to seem genteel. When he asked if Gorgondy was a bad wine to drink I said that it was so bad that if a man sipped it that was the one touch that made damnation certain. Then he asked me what I had in the iron bottle, and I said it was Gorgondy; and then he shouted for their largest tumbler in that ill-lit ancient tavern, and stood up and shook his fist at me when it came, and swore, and told me to fill it with the wine that I got on that bitter night from the treasure-house of the gnomes.

As he drank it he told me that he had met men who had spoken against wine, and that they had mentioned Heaven; and therefore he would not go there—no, not he; and that once he had sent one of them to Hell, but when he got there he would turn him out, and he had no use for milksops.

Over the second tumbler he was thoughtful, but still he said no word of the tale he knew, until I feared that it would never be heard. But when the third glass of that terrific wine had burned its way down his gullet, and vindicated the wickedness of the gnomes, his reticence withered like a leaf in the fire, and he bellowed out the secret.

I had long known that there is in ships a will or way of their own, and had even suspected that when sailors die or abandon their ships at sea, a derelict, being left to her own devices, may seek her own ends; but I had never dreamed by night, or fancied during the day, that the ships had a god that they worshipped, or that they secretly slipped away to a temple in the sea.

Over the fourth glass of the wine that the gnomes so sinfully brew but have kept so wisely from man, until the bargain that I had with their elders all through that autumn night, the sailor told me the story. I do not tell it as he told it to me because of the oaths that were in it; nor is it from delicacy that I refrain from writing those oaths verbatim, but merely because the horror they caused in me at the time troubles me still whenever I put them on paper, and I continue to shudder until I have blotted them out. Therefore, I tell the story in my own words, which, if they possess a certain decency that was not in the mouth of that sailor, unfortunately do not smack, as his did, of rum and blood and the sea.

You would take a ship to be a dead thing like a table, as dead as bits of iron and canvas and wood. That is because you always live on shore, and have never seen the sea, and drink milk. Milk is a more accursed drink than water.

What with the captain and what with the man at the wheel,

and what with the crew, a ship has no fair chance of showing a will of her own.

There is only one moment in the history of ships, that carry crews on board, when they act by their own free will. This moment comes when all the crew are drunk. As the last man falls drunk on to the deck, the ship is free of man, and immediately slips away. She slips away at once on a new course and is never one yard out in a hundred miles.

It was like this one night with the *Sea-Fancy*. Bill Smiles was there himself, and can vouch for it. Bill Smiles has never told this tale before for fear that anyone should call him a liar. Nobody dislikes being hung as much as Bill Smiles would, but he won't be called a liar. I tell the tale as I heard it, relevancies and irrelevancies, though in my more decent words; and as I made no doubts of the truth of it then, I hardly like to now; others can please themselves.

It is not often the whole of a crew is drunk. The crew of the *Sea-Fancy* was no drunkener than others. It happened like this.

The captain was always drunk. One day a fancy he had that some spiders were plotting against him, or a sudden bleeding he had from both his ears, made him think that drinking might be bad for his health. Next day he signed the pledge. He was sober all that morning and all the afternoon, but at evening he saw a sailor drinking a glass of beer, and a fit of madness seized him, and he said things that seemed bad to Bill Smiles. And next morning he made all of them take the pledge.

For two days nobody had a drop to drink, unless you count water, and on the third morning the captain was quite drunk. It stood to reason they all had a glass or two then, except the man at the wheel; and towards evening the man at the wheel could bear it no longer, and seems to have had his glass like all the rest, for the ship's course wobbled a bit and made a circle or two. Then all of a sudden she went off south by east under full canvas till midnight, and never altered her course. And at midnight she came to the wide wet courts of the Temple in the Sea.

People who think that Mr. Smiles is drunk often make a great mistake. And people are not the only ones that have made that mistake. Once a ship made it, and a lot of ships. It's a mistake to think that old Bill Smiles is drunk just because he can't move.

Midnight and moonlight and the Temple in the Sea Bill Smiles clearly remembers, and all the derelicts in the world were there, the old abandoned ships. The figureheads were nodding to themselves and blinking at the image. The image was a woman of white marble on a pedestal in the outer court of the Temple of the Sea: she was clearly the love of all the man-deserted ships, or the goddess to whom they prayed their heathen prayers. And as Bill Smiles was watching them, the lips of the figureheads moved; they all began to pray. But all at once their lips were closed with a snap when they saw that there were men on the *Sea-Fancy*. They all came crowding up and nodded and nodded and nodded to see if all were drunk, and that's when they made their mistake about old Bill Smiles, although he couldn't move. They would have given up the treasures of the gulfs sooner than let men hear the prayers they said or guess their love for the goddess. It is the intimate secret of the sea.

The sailor paused. And, in my eagerness to hear what lyrical or blasphemous thing those figureheads prayed by moonlight at midnight in the sea to the woman of marble who was a goddess to ships, I pressed on the sailor more of my Gorgondy wine that the gnomes so wickedly brew.

I should never have done it; but there he was sitting silent while the secret was almost mine. He took it moodily and drank a glass; and with the other glasses that he had had he fell a prey to the villainy of the gnomes who brew this unbridled wine to no good end. His body leaned forward slowly, then fell on to the table, his face being sideways and full of a wicked smile, and, saying very clearly the one word "Hell," he became silent for ever with the secret he had from the sea.

THE END.

SIME ILLUSTRATES "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER."



FOR SALE.

"THE SECRET OF THE SEA": AN EPISODE FROM "THE SECOND BOOK OF WONDER," BY LORD DUNSANY.

"Midnight and moonlight and the Temple in the Sea Bill Smiles clearly remembers, and all the derelicts in the world were there, the old abandoned ships. The figure-heads were nodding to themselves and blinking at the image. The image was a woman of white marble on a pedestal in the outer court of the Temple of the Sea:

she was clearly the love of all the man-deserted ships, or the goddess to whom they prayed their heathen prayers. . . . They would have given up the treasures of the gulfs sooner than let men hear the prayers they said or guess their love for the goddess. It is the intimate secret of the sea."

POULET SAUVÉ FOR POULET SAUTÉ!

FOR SALE.



"THIS SAVING MY LIFE IS GOING TO BE THE DEATH OF ME!"

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.



ON THE LINKS

THE MISTAKE OF THE FRENCH CHAMPIONSHIP: BRITISH CONVENIENCE SACRIFICE TO THE AMERICAN ENTRY.

An Affair in France.

The authorities of the golf of France—for whom as friends I have a good regard, and whom I have appreciated in the past for their wisdom and enthusiasm—need at this important moment in their history to make a close study of circumstances and values, to the end that they may not commit such an error as they did a few days ago, which has certainly done much to shatter an institution which has been slowly built with labour and great care. I mean their amateur championship. Last year—after a good tournament, to which there was a splendid entry, and in which Lord Charles Hope and Mr. E. A. Lassen met in the final, and there played a game of most remarkable interest—this championship rose to its highest point, and came very near indeed to being a first-class event. This year it has fallen to nearly nothing; and much as I wish to see Mr. Ouimet earn some good distinction before he goes home to Boston, I feel—as he and all others must do—that the honour he gained at La Boule the other day, when he beat his countryman Mr. Topping in the final, was a barren one. Again, people wondered, and are wondering still—I am one of them—how it was that Mr. Jerome Travers, the American amateur champion, came to play the very worst round of golf that he had played in a serious match for three or four years at least at the most important and fateful of all times—which is to say, in the first round of our amateur championship at Sandwich; when he got beaten. That is a matter which is only explicable by the suggestion that Mr. Travers, the reputed nerveless golfer, had a sudden attack of nerves such as he had never suffered from in his life before, and it was all caused by the fact that a moment that had been waited for during many weeks and months—waited for with the utmost composure, be it said, and most eagerly anticipated by hundreds of friends and the golfers of a whole country—had at last arrived. The time had come!

Travers' Time Had Come.

There is always something awe-inspiring about any special time when it comes. There is the "now or never" consideration, there is the realisation that what is done now cannot be undone, there is the fact that by tomorrow the doings of to-day will have fallen away into the history of the past, as dead and unalterable as the history of a thousand years ago, and there is that tremendous sense of responsibility that all these thoughts engender. Mr. Travers may not have put it quite to himself in this way at the time of the *débâcle* at Sandwich, but that the thoughts were vaguely, subconsciously there I am quite certain, and I am sure that it was this which led to his poor display and to his defeat. America trusted Travers's nerve

above all things. I would not say that he is now a fallen, a shattered idol. Jerry Travers will rise again, and his people believe in him still, but as an idol he is certainly damaged. Those who may be wondering what all this about Mr. Travers has to do with our original proposition, that a blunder has been committed in connection with the amateur championship of France, must have it recalled to them that, when they heard that Mr. Travers had been beaten quite easily by a comparatively unknown fellow-countryman at Versailles, they declared forthwith—wise old humbugs that they

are—that they knew it would happen all the time, and that the pretensions of this American when he came over were ridiculous. But this defeat in the French championship no more indicated the real merits of Travers than did Sandwich.

An Error in Tactics.

The truth is that a duller and more listless affair going by the name of championship I have never known than this meeting at Versailles, and the atmosphere of nothingness and in consequence that enveloped it so permeated the systems of the players that they simply could not and did not try. I never saw golfers make more feeble efforts at pretending to be themselves. Sixes and sevens were popular figures all the time, and each man was praying subconsciously that he might be beaten the next time. These are the conditions in which we humble folk would

like to play the best ball of Braid and Vardon if we ever have to play it at all. The mistake made by the French authorities was this—and it is one to which they have evidently been susceptible in the past, though they have never committed it badly like this before—that they sacrificed British convenience and the British entry for the handful of Americans who were over in this part of the world by fixing the event for the week following the championship meeting at Sandwich. The British competitors were too exhausted with the events of that week to cross the Channel for the French affair; if it had been held later, many of them would have done so. The Americans had to go then or never, and so the date was fixed for them—and there were Americans and hardly anything else at La Boule. If the French authorities consider that such visits of touring Americans are necessary to their continued existence, I have nothing to say; but if they feel that their prospects are to any extent dependent on British favour, they should suit the

British golfer first. It would be a good thing for the health of this competition if the experiment were tried of holding it at one of the French seaside golfing places, such as Le Touquet, Wimereux, or Deauville.

HENRY LEACH.



WINNERS OF THE LORDS V. COMMONS LADIES' GOLF MATCH:
THE COMMONS TEAM.

From left to right are (sitting) Mrs. Tresham Gilbey, Mrs. Ellis Griffith (captain), and Mrs. Robert Fleming; (standing) Mrs. Cecil Norton, Mrs. MacRae, Miss Pryce Jones, Miss E. C. Neville, and Miss Winifred Martin Smith.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]



UNDETERRED BY POLITICAL ANIMOSITIES: THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF MATCH—
THE LORDS TEAM.

It will be recalled that political animosities led to the postponement of the Parliamentary golf tournament this year. This did not prevent the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association holding their Lords v. Commons match, the third annual fixture, at Bishop's Stortford last week. From left to right in the photograph are Lady Ardee, the Countess of Wemyss, the Countess of Wilton, Lady Eva de Paravicini, the Hon. Mrs. St Leger Jervis, the Hon. Mrs. Claude Rome, and the Hon. Lois Yarde-Buller.—[Photograph by Sport and General.]

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BACK TO THE PALACE AGAIN: MURDER AS SCREAMING FUN: A PRIMA-DONNA AT THE COLISEUM.

"The Surpassing Show."

I have been to see the Palace revue for the second time, and I suppose I'm the only one who has—everybody else must have seen it for the twentieth time. That is my difficulty as well as my loss, for I've got it most uncomfortably in my bones, as I rise to say a few words about the exceptional qualities of this surpassing show—its other title is too absurd, for it never can pass—that you've all got the "tell-us-something-we-don't-know" expression on your faces. But you must bear with me this once, and I promise you that when next I am discovered in the Palace vestibule showing my pass for "The Passing Show" it will be on private pleasure bent, with nothing hanging to it in the way of an utterly superfluous "notice." Since I saw it at the first performance there have been set in it many gems of real wit and cleverness, chief among which is the "Pygmalion" travesty performed by Arthur Playfair as Tree and Nelson Keys as Mrs. "Pat." Tree imitations there have been, and are, without end: they pursue one everywhere, in public and in private, in French and in English, in sickness and in health; and many are as tiresome and as tame as the old Irving imitations. Arthur Playfair gives us Tree so truthfully that it is less like a Tree imitation than Tree trying to be like somebody else, but trying in vain. Nelson Keys, too, presents a wonderful reproduction of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Apart from the make-up, which is admirable, this young actor is the only mimic who has discovered Mrs. Campbell's secret of treating gutturals dentally and dentals gutturally. As to Miss Elsie Janis, I am afraid to sing her praises again, lest, like those people in other revues with pre-planned encores, I go on monotonously for ever. Her imitations of Sarah Bernhardt, Harry Lauder, and Frank Tinney hold one amazed, as her dancing holds one entranced; and as one who has no use for pretty women in masculine evening dress, however well cut, I desire to let Miss Janis know that in securing my applause for her "knut" in the Hilarity Theatre stage-door scene she emerged triumphantly from what is possibly the severest test our lighter-stage actresses are frequently faced with. Régine Flory's dramatic Dances of the Passions are extraordinarily clever; Gwendolen Brogden tactfully provides all the lovey-dove business that is wanted; and Herman Finck's music is as delightful as his arrangement of other people's is cunningly humorous. I am clean gone on that little prelude of his to the Flory dance, where he impishly leads up to Saint-Saëns, Chantrier, and Leoncavallo with quaint little slipping-down and dying-away reminders of "Two Lovely Black Eyes" and "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back."

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Right Merry Murder.

and I'm now right on the heels of a case in point. I saw a sketch at the Putney Hippodrome the other evening which everybody ought to see, but which by now is moving on I know not whither. It was a murder sketch, and it was called "At Midnight" by its author. What it may have been called by the hall's patrons in the saloon bars after the show we will not inquire. It should be picked up bodily from wherever it may happen to be and dropped into one of the West-End revues as a burlesque of early Melvillian drama, and it would go with a scream from start to finish. Listen. It is midnight in a lonely seashore inn, the wicked proprietor of which has announced that, being in desperate need of money, he must really do something to get it. Enter an idiotic stranger who immediately "shouts" about having £300 on his person. The naughty licensed victualler determines to murder his visitor in his bed and take his money; but the visitor, getting suddenly a rush of brains to the head, suspects the plot and silently steals away into the night. In the meantime, the sailor son of the licensed victualler has arrived home from a long voyage and gone straight to bed in the stranger's room (such a natural thing to do under the circumstances), whereupon he is promptly but inadvertently murdered by his own father. I have not laughed so much at a thing of the kind since the Two Macs episode wherein one sang "I've fifteen shillings in my inside pocket, don't you see?" and the other, overhearing the demoralising statement, assaulted his wealthy partner with brutal violence, took his fifteen shillings, and squeaked back at the wrecked figure on the ground, "How dare you have money?"



"MELODRAMA" IN MUSICAL COMEDY: THE RUINED BARON (MR. HAL FORDE) ON THE POINT OF BLOWING OUT HIS BRAINS, IN "ADÈLE," AT THE GAIETY.

The new musical play at the Gaiety, "Adèle," is an operetta with a distinct plot rather than a musical comedy of the usual type. It is an American piece, but not so noisy and hustling as most American pieces of its kind, and decidedly more musical.



A MARIAGE DE CONVENIENCE THAT BECAME A MARIAGE D'AMOUR: THE BARON (MR. HAL FORDE) AND THE ÉPICIER'S LOVELY DAUGHTER (MISS CAROLYN THOMSON) IN "ADÈLE."

Adèle, the daughter of a provision merchant, unable to obtain her father's consent to her marriage with the son of his business rival, arranges to wed an impecunious nobleman, one Baron Charles de Chantilly, in order to become independent of parental control, and then to divorce the Baron with a view to marrying her lover. The Baron agrees to this collusion, but he and Adèle, having fallen in love with each other, decide to dispense with the divorce.

"That Kind of Voice." Mme. Donalda, the Canadian prima-donna,

who has sung in Covent Garden opera (having that kind of voice), is the bright particular vocal star of the Coliseum, where she made her variety début last week. I believe Mme. Donalda is getting through selections from "La Bohème," "Carmen," "Rigoletto," and other familiar and well-stricken works during her engagement in St. Martin's Lane, but her programme for her opening performance was hardly what one would call operatic, let alone grand operatic. There was the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," to be sure (there always is, by the way); but for the rest we had "Little Playmates" and "Wake Up"—and, lastly, "Comin' thro' the Rye." However, as I have already said, I understand the amiable and handsomely dressed Canadian prima-donna has by now settled down into her Covent Garden stride. ROVER.



THE WHEEL AND THE WING

WHEN THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS WENT OUT: RAMMING A TREE AND TAKING A MIDNIGHT DIP.

Pros and Cons of Electric Lighting.

When any new development makes such headway as to appear likely to be generally adopted in time, it *ipso facto* presupposes the existence of some outstanding merit. This being granted, one may reasonably inquire whether it also possesses any faults—in all probability, indeed; these may declare themselves in direct ratio to the increasing use of the invention, method, or device which may be under consideration. Then the question naturally arises, do the faults outweigh the benefits, to the degree, in fact, of disillusionment? There is no abstract reason why this should be so, of necessity; nothing is perfect, and the sooner we know the defects of an apparently serviceable device the sooner we are able to take steps to reduce them as far as possible, or to deal with them satisfactorily as they may arise. The pneumatic tyre, for example, is a vulnerable article, but who but a crank would deny himself its manifold advantages to go back to solid tyres? Something very much newer, however, which is likely to be the subject of widespread discussion ere the next shows come round, is the dynamo electric-lighting system, which is already adopted as a standard fitting by various leading firms, and is fitted at the client's option by many others.

A Quaint Place for a Starting-Handle.

Now during the past winter I have heard of several cases of serious and annoying failure on the part of this widely popular feature of an up-to-date car's equipment, but have stayed my hand, so far as writing about them is concerned, until more evidence was forthcoming as to the average probabilities of the situation. In an article in the *Motor*, however, I note that Mr. Henry Sturmey quotes sundry cases of sudden extinction of the dynamo-electric type of lamp. As it happened, no serious results accrued, though in one instance the car was being driven at a high rate of speed, though, fortunately, on a broad and straight piece of road. The cases which have come under my own notice were somewhat less fortunate, and, though no one was hurt, might have ended on a note of tragedy. I need only mention two. The first was that of a friend of mine—a very experienced driver—who was wending his way homewards when, without a moment's warning, all his lights went out instantaneously, and he lost all sense of his direction. As a result, he hit a tree adjoining the roadside, and the force of the impact was such that the starting-

handle was buried "up to the hilt" in the tree-trunk. As the engine had stopped, the driver could not put in his reverse and back out, and in the end he had to walk some distance and obtain the loan of a couple of horses before he could liberate the car! By remarkable good luck no damage had been done to the chassis, the speed of the car having been just enough to impale it, as it were, in the tree, but no more. One would have expected a bent crank-shaft at the very least.

A Cold Plunge. The other case

was even more startling. A motorist was driving along the road between Worthing and Brighton at a late hour when his electric lamps went out suddenly, as in the former instance. The driver was "all at sea" in a literal no less than in a figurative sense, for the car plunged straight into the water, and was frame-high before it could be stopped. Here was a nice predicament to be in at midnight! The driver had to wade to land and go for assistance, and in the end he was able to charter horses and extricate the car. The question inevitably arises—how often is this sort of thing likely to occur, and what are the best means of preventing untoward consequences?

Extra Fuse-Wires. The more electric lamps are used, and the better the wiring system is made by the manufacturers and understood by its users,

the less likely is sudden failure to be reported. Already the makers declare that failure is virtually impossible, and that a fuse-wire is fitted as a safeguard; to this I can only say that electrical experts tell me that more than one fuse-wire ought to be employed, in

which case the chances of extinction would be reduced to a minimum. An alternative, of course, is to use paraffin sidelights, and to enjoy the immense convenience of switching on and off in respect of the head-lamps and tail-light only. This is right enough from the point of view of safety, but obviously does away with one of the advantages of the electric system; it is none the less one which will appeal to the nervously inclined. Of one thing, however, we may be assured, and that is that the electric outfit, whether with or without a self-starter, has come

to stay; and that it is in the main reliable there are thousands of actual users to testify. One friend of mine has been using an electric installation continuously for eighteen months, and tells me that it has never failed him once.



THE MIDNIGHT BALL: THRUPP AND MABERLY WORK ON THE INTERIOR OF A CLOSED CAR

Amongst the gifts to be presented to guests at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy is an order, presented by Messrs. Thrupp and Maberly, of 425, Oxford Street, which will entitle its receiver to go to that firm to have any car or carriage repainted and varnished free of cost. The value of this present is £30. The firm have agreed that, should the guest to whom this order be given not own a car or carriage, they will extend the privilege to any friend nominated, so long as he shows his credentials when calling upon them.—[Photograph by Tella.]



THE WHITE-EYED KAFFIR AS MOTORIST! MR. G. H. CHIRGWIN AT THE WHEEL OF A 30-35-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER

Next to Mr. Chirgwin is Mr. A. C. Hicks. In the back of the car are Mr. Morris Harvey, famous as a Folly and since then popular at the Hippodrome, the Palace, and elsewhere; the Mayor of Islington; and Mr. Tom Clare, the well-known singer of amusing ditties at the piano. In the other car are two members of the Committee aiding Mr. C. Arthur Pearson in his campaign on behalf of the blind. It may be added that the Napier filler has always been known as distinctive by reason of the fact that it is rather tall. Mr. Chirgwin's hat, placed over the filler, lends point to this.



THE colours of the Russian Ballet are running colours. They are infectious, and have spread into the audience. Mrs. Ralph Peto's gown at the first night of "Ivan the Terrible" was a wonderful thing of blue and orange, and the ribbons in her hair were epoch-making. It followed that she was congratulated on two pictures—the other being the 'little oil' at the "New English" which marks her first appearance in a public gallery. Sargent, by the way, is pleased with some of the new fashions adopted by the women he has ceased painting. "How amusing, how amusing!" he was heard to murmur in the *foyer* the other night. At that rate, he may yet be tempted to resume portraits.

Paints and Polo. Mrs. Ralph Peto's picture at the "New English" was made among the stables at Belvoir—perhaps because the very modern school to which she belongs likes to choose the least picturesque aspects of a ducal dwelling, as of the world at large. But Mrs. Peto is for the moment out of temper with stables and

garages and all their works, even when, as in the case of Belvoir, she takes a cousinly as well as an artistic interest in them.

A much-bandaged husband accounts for her antipathy. A few weeks ago, Mr. Peto broke a collar-bone at polo, and last week a motor accident undid all his doctor's careful mending.

Parquet or a Pond? A glorified spring cleaning has put the seasons somewhat out of joint

at Alford House. A maze of scaffolding does duty for a hall, which will eventually reappear in white stone

TO MARRY MISS SHEILA VIVIAN JAMES TO-DAY (THE 10TH): MR. R. J. TWEEDY.

Mr. R. J. Tweedy, who is in the 19th Lancers, is the eldest son of Sir John Tweedy, of 100, Harley Street, the well-known ophthalmic surgeon.

Photograph by Sarony.

instead of the dark wood of Beit's devising. If Mrs. "Freddie" Guest has had to spend most of the season in her dining-room, she has had the consolation of watching the shaping of a wonderful new ball-room. But the smaller Guests (a charming bevy of children) are probably less ready than she to appreciate the changes which threaten to curtail the conservatory. No human child ever preferred parquet to a pond, and an indoor pond at that!

Luncheon and Limericks. Caruso still takes his lunch in the intervals of caricaturing—or, if

the lunch is particularly successful, he caricatures in the intervals *minestra* and *pollo lessoso*. His palate, like his voice, never loses its Italian quality, and his favourite restaurant provides him every day with abundance of chianti, olive-oil, and the other things he learned to digest as a youth in the suburbs of Naples. But blank sheets of paper ready to hand are quite as necessary to his comfort as the *carta* and a napkin. Nor are caricatures the only things he covers his paper with. He is fond of



A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF MILLAIS MARRIED: CAPTAIN MALCOLM MONCRIEFF AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS PERRINE MILLAIS) LEAVING ST. PETER'S, EATON SQUARE, AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

Mrs. Moncrieff is the eldest daughter of the late Sir Everett Millais, and grand-daughter of Sir John Millais, P.R.A. Captain Moncrieff, formerly in the 6th Dragoon Guards, is a son of the late Sir Alexander Moncrieff, and Lady Moncrieff, of Bandirran, Perthshire.

Photograph by Photopress.

composing the Neapolitan equivalents of limericks and of reading them aloud, but in a voice that reaches no farther than the next table. The acoustics of Pagani's leave much to be desired—or is Caruso the poet possessed with modesty?

In Baroness Deichmann's Garden.

In the second week of July the pageant people will take possession of Baroness Deichmann's garden at Abbey Lodge. An afternoon performance of the *Masque of Arthur*, with "Parsifal" music, will be given for public purposes, and an evening performance for friends. Lord Howard de Walden may fill one knightly part, but it is not easy to reconstruct the perfectly right Round Table. Men who look like Lancelot, or Gawain, or Arthur are not always the right men for a pageant in a garden, or if they are the right men, are not always willing to pledge themselves to rehearsals, a couple of performances, and the ordeal of strawberries-and-cream in armour.

A Private View.

Mr. Lavery's private view was one of the crowded events of a crowded week.



TO MARRY MR. R. J. TWEEDY TO-DAY (THE 10TH): MISS SHEILA VIVIAN JAMES.

Miss James is the youngest daughter of Colonel Herbert James, C.B., and Mrs. James, of Hawthorne Dene, Westcott, Surrey.

Photograph by Sarony.



A BRIDEGROOM WHO WAS SAVED BY A FOOTBALL IN THE "STELLA" DISASTER: MR. B. M. ARNOLD AND HIS BRIDE (FORMERLY MISS ELSIE BEST) LEAVING THE CHURCH AFTER THEIR WEDDING.

Mr. Arnold, as a boy of fifteen, was on board the "Stella," which sank off the Channel Islands in 1899. His mother at the last moment tied a football to his button-hole and this was the means of his being saved. The wedding took place at St. Andrew's, Sandon, near Chelmsford—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

Lavery Ladies.

While Mr. Lavery does not insist on making an exact map of his sitter's features, he generally manages to establish her identity. But, in a gallery full of portraits, his ladies are elusive. Even the "Diana Manners" would puzzle one for a minute if it carried no name; and though the "Lady Hamilton" in the Long Gallery could be nobody in the world but Sir Ian's wife when one has looked twice at it, there is, strangely enough, another portrait that may or may not be a presentment of the same lady. This is in the canvas lent by the Earl of Donoughmore and catalogued as "The Sisters." Of one Lavery lady, however, there is never any doubt. The artist's wife appears again and again, always fascinating, and always wholly herself. It is hardly necessary to add that the Lavery exhibition, which is retrospective, was due to open at the Grosvenor Gallery yesterday (the 9th).



BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Hand of Woman.

I often think that the laws made by our legislators—who, when all is said and done, only represent a masculine opinion and a masculine prejudice—are very like the mechanical contrivances made by inventors or builders, which are often useless as far as women are concerned. There are, for instance, always as many women as men on the top of a motor-omnibus, yet the bell for stopping this useful vehicle is so constructed that no woman's hand can work it. It requires a very heavy blow to intimate to the driver that the omnibus must stop—a blow which would certainly result in sprained muscles to the palm of anyone unused to manual labour. An electric button or some similar device could just as easily have been contrived, but it was apparently considered humorous to arrange that half the population of London should not be able to descend from an omnibus except at full speed and with considerable danger to life and limb. I have seen pretty women swaying on the tops of motor-buses imploring the conductor to pause in his wild career (and he, good man, is usually singularly deaf) or else beating the steps rhythmically with their umbrellas to the same end. In short, when the constructors were making and launching this admirable public vehicle, they never thought of asking a woman if she could use it, or what she thought of it, any more than our busy legislators at Westminster think of asking our opinion on the—no doubt equally admirable, but inadequate—Bills which they intend to bring in and make us obey. We women can no more stop the Government than we can stop the omnibus; but, at any rate, we are now intelligent enough to protest that what we pay for, equally with men, should be reasonably useful to us.

Intimate Acquaintances.

There is nothing more singular about social life in London than the number of intimate acquaintances—if one may coin a paradox—that we contrive to make in society. They are people whom we see gladly enough, and whom we meet incessantly, with whom we are delighted to chat and laugh, but whom, somehow, we never get to know *au fond* or in their home lives. With bachelor men, young and old, this circumstance explains itself—they have no homes, or live with parents who may not have the hospitable instinct; but how many married couples, widowers, widows, and other substantial persons habitually wring our hands, gaze into our eyes sympathetically, tell us of all their doings, and yet we pass from the cradle to the grave without ever knowing them, in reality, at all. Gradually these charming and affable persons take on the aspect of shadows on a screen; they pass before us, making amiable gestures, they smile, and they are gone. When the Intimate Acquaintance dies, or marries, or runs away with his neighbour's wife, it is with a shock we realise that they are not figures

acquaintances" as compared to our old and valued friends, from some of whom, possibly, we are separated by distance, or by the fact that they do not frequent general society, theatres, operas, or picture-galleries. As no one stops at home nowadays, or has a day on which to receive, the only chance of keeping up friendships is to haunt assiduously those places in London where we may meet our beloved friends between their return from week-endings and their departure for a few days' golf. For one cannot pass a satisfactory existence with a miscellaneous collection of intimate acquaintances.

Why Ladies' Luncheons?

The American fashion luncheon-parties seems to be now firmly established among us, but we have not yet arrived at the Transatlantic fashion—except in the case of the "Women Writers' Dinner," which, I fancy, would be greatly enhanced by the presence of distinguished and amusing men—of dining with feminine guests only. Personally, I do not approve of this segregation of the sexes for social purposes. All men will tell you how consummately they are bored by the large masculine banquet, at which rows of black coats and white waistcoats face each other, having no more pleasing spectacle than to watch each other consume large quantities of food and drink. Nor, if one may whisper it in an age of marked Feminism, do women altogether enjoy each other's undiluted society for festal and convivial purposes. The essence of enjoyment is variety, and both women and men, left to themselves, are too apt to talk "shop" and to discuss everything from their own point of view. Some women—and not the least admirable—actually feel, like Gwendolen in George Eliot's "Daniel Deronda," a "sense of empty benches" when they enter a room and find no men present. The ladies' luncheon of two or four can be the most enjoyable and exhilarating form of entertainment imaginable, given the right hostess and guests; but a huge daylight banquet composed entirely of women dressed in their best clothes is one to cause dismay to the stoutest heart. It is, as a matter of fact, a lamentable waste of time and money.

Revolutionary Times.

With the present development of Militant Suffragism, it is almost a crime to be a woman nowadays. No official but what suspects one, however innocent one's air, of having hammers or bombs concealed about one's person. The present exiguous costume, it is true, does not lend itself to the concealment of lethal weapons; but with the sudden advent of the military cape, which has the lurid look of conspiracy, how much more shall we be suspected of fell designs! We are to be watched everywhere. There is a charming official at the Ladies' Gallery of the House who is affable but firm. To-day I was invited to an exhibition at a club, and my host wrote: "A man who gives you a military salute—which has a sense of power in it—is downstairs with the drawings; and a detective, prepared to arrest and charge you on the spot, is upstairs with the pictures."



A GIFT FOR SOME LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A TWENTY-GUINEA COAT AND SKIRT BY SIMMONS.

Messrs. John Simmons and Sons, of 35, Haymarket, S.W., offer this charming coat and skirt, in black taffeta, specially designed as a gift at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on the 25th. Should the design, material, or colour not suit the recipient, she can select any other gown of equal value from Messrs. Simmons' many beautiful models.

on a lantern-slide, but real human beings after all. We seem to know them very well, but in reality we know them not at all. Yet it is astonishing how often we see and talk to these "intimate



DESTINED FOR SOME LUCKY GUEST AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL: A TWENTY-POUND FUR COAT BY REVILLON FRÈRES.

The total value of the gifts for guests at the Midnight Ball at the Savoy on the 25th, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind, now amounts to nearly £3000. This coat is given by Revillon Frères, of 180, Regent Street.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on June 25.

MEXICO.

REPEATED references to the course of affairs in this part of the world seem to be as depressing as they are unavoidable, and the latest happenings are no exception to the general rule. We have frequently warned investors against the various Railway securities, and pointed out that the drop in the value of the Mexican dollar, if continued, would inevitably cause defaults not only on Common stocks and shares, but also on Bonds.

These predictions are now, unfortunately, coming true with a vengeance, the latest example being that of the Interceanic Railway. The circular which has recently been issued came as rather a shock to most people, as not only the Second but also the First Debenture holders are asked to accept deferred interest warrants for the next two payments. That some such scheme would be resorted to in the case of the "B" Debenture stock was generally expected, and the possibility of the Second Debentures being included was realised; but more than this no one looked for, and, from the available figures, it does not seem to have been absolutely necessary. The same arrangement is to be followed with regard to the guarantee on the securities of the Mexican Southern Railway, which is even more surprising, as that guarantee has always been supposed to rank before the Debentures of the Interceanic Company. The circular further implies that some similar arrangement will have to be made in the case of the Vera Cruz Terminal Company's Debentures.

The National Railways Company propose to continue payment of its coupons in paper for the present.

With regard to the country's affairs in general, progress is very slow at the Mediation Conference at Niagara, and the United States appear determined not to pursue their interference to its logical conclusion. We very much fear that the end is not yet.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Unlike Mexico, there are signs of a very welcome improvement in the condition of affairs in the South American continent. The rise in the Brazilian exchange to 16 1-8d. had a very satisfactory effect on the Government Bonds, and we now understand that considerable progress has been made towards the arrangement of the big loan which is required to set that country's house in order again.

The Argentine President's statement at the opening of Congress revealed a deficit of £625,000 in last year's Budget, but otherwise the position can be characterised as satisfactory, the trade balance in favour of the country being over £5,000,000. Agricultural conditions continue to improve, and the area under cultivation is also much larger than twelve months ago. The latest weather reports are distinctly better, and there is a general feeling that Railway traffics will shortly begin to reflect the heavy crop movements.

The decision of the Peruvian Government to allow the Peruvian Corporation to resume loading guano at the Ballestas Islands has given much satisfaction. There will now have to be a thorough discussion of the whole question, and we have little doubt that a satisfactory arrangement will eventually be found.

SHELL TRANSPORT AND TRADING.

The "Shell" dividend was just about what the market expected, although a good many people who are in touch with the Company's affairs expected 40 per cent. In view, however, of the increased capital, the actual distribution of 35 per cent. (free of income-tax) is an excellent performance, and compares with 30 per cent. for 1912 and 20 per cent. for 1911.

The net profit amounted to £1,581,200, an increase of £422,000. The entire cost of drilling and geological surveys has been charged to working expenses. The reserve fund is brought up to £3,900,000. Depreciation is attended to by the subsidiaries.

The balance-sheet is a wonderfully strong document, but the information available about the Bataafsche and the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Companies is so meagre that it is a hopeless task to try and place a value upon Shell shares. Both Companies, however, have enormous resources. Since their inception no less than £5,508,000 has been written off for depreciation, of which £1,218,000 came out of last year's profits. Soon there will be nothing more to write down.

The shares are on a different plane from the bulk of Oil shares; if the directors financed as do so many others in the same business, we imagine the dividend would be nearer 70 per cent. than 35 per cent. Shells at a little over 5 look well worth buying. The Oil business is among the most speculative in the world, but the directors of this Company are under no delusions on this point, and, as far as it is humanly possible, they have safeguarded the shareholders. Consequently, Shells are among the very few Oil shares which are entitled to be classed as investments.

LAND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY OF EGYPT.

The Chairman's speech at the meeting of this Company will repay careful perusal, and, read in conjunction with the report,

cannot fail to suggest that the shares are worth buying at their present price of 3*1*/₂.

The capital has been placed with great care, and good dividends maintained even in recent years; the average for the last ten years coming out at over 9*1*/₂ per cent. The present distribution of 9 per cent. is a reduction over the previous distribution, but the reasons given for this appear perfectly valid, and, moreover, likely to be only of a temporary nature.

The Chairman dealt with the question of the uncalled liability of £15 per share, and pointed out that while the Board could raise money on its unissued Debentures it would never make a call on the shares. "There never has been, and I am convinced there never will be, a call made on the shares," was his explicit statement.

The cash value of the shares as computed from the balance-sheet is over £4 10s., and the yield on the basis of last year's dividend over 7*1*/₂ per cent., which should go a long way towards compensating for the restricted market which the shares enjoy. The prosperity of Egypt is steadily increasing year by year, and so also is the security for this Company's mortgages and the value of the land upon which it has foreclosed.

SPIES.

Only last week we suggested that Spies were a hopeful speculation at about 23s. ! We apologise, but we could hardly be expected to foresee the troubles which have just been announced. The new well at South Baskakoff has had to be plugged owing to an inflow of water, and this means that rather tedious precautions will have to be taken before the other wells now nearing completion in the vicinity can be brought into production. It is very disappointing, but water trouble is no new experience on this Company's property, and we are convinced, from inquiries which we have made, that it can be overcome, although it may take rather longer than is officially expected. Holders at higher prices who can afford to do so would therefore be wise to average round about the present figure of 17s. 6d.

The shares fell from 23s. to 16s. 3d. before any official announcement whatever was made. Who sold the shares, and why ? We are under no misapprehension as to the difficulty of keeping information secret, but it ought not to have been necessary. The management on the property could surely have cabled the news as soon as, if not before, anyone else, and the directors could have made it public in a few hours. We think shareholders are entitled to ask where the delay occurred, and whether any steps have been taken to trace the leakage, for nobody in their senses can doubt that the information was known in London forty-eight hours before the shareholders were told anything.

ITINERANT ITEMS.

Magadi Soda lost £124 last year, but this can hardly be considered a serious matter, as operations have not yet started. The line between the Magadi Lake and the Uganda Railway was completed in February, so active developments may be expected before long. The report gives no information beyond the bald statement of these facts. The concern is backed by a very strong financial group, otherwise there would be very little attraction in the shares at 13s. 6d. As it is, we look upon them as a fair speculation, although dividends must not be expected for some considerable time.

Mr. Smithers has very quickly convinced the Canadian Government of the necessity for guaranteeing the additional Grand Trunk Pacific Bonds, and it now only remains for the proposal to be confirmed by the Dominion Parliament. As the Canadian Northern scheme has been accepted, we think the confirmation can be considered a foregone conclusion.

Motor Owners' Petrol Combine for the first eleven months of its existence earned a profit of £46,334. This is an exceedingly creditable performance, and one which, we must admit, we were very far from expecting. The directors write £5000 off preliminary expenses, and place £6000 to a reserve fund, but we see no mention of depreciation in the report. Again and again we have pointed out the importance of this item to all Oil Companies, and its neglect in this case detracts very seriously from the brilliance of the Company's results.

The Sopa Diamond Company is going into voluntary liquidation. We hope those responsible for its inception feel proud of its career. We hardly imagine that the Stock Exchange as a whole does, but, happily, the public were never very much interested. A discreditable affair from beginning to end, it is best forgotten, so long as its lesson is remembered.

When the interim distribution of 2 per cent. was paid on the Great Southern of Spain Income Debentures in November last, we expressed the opinion that a final distribution at the same rate could be expected. This anticipation has now been fulfilled, and the accompanying figures are quite satisfactory. At their present price of 62, these Income Debentures offer a return of over 6 5-8 per cent., and have possibilities which add to their attraction as a speculative holding.

The reconstruction scheme carried out last year makes the report of A. J. White and Co., Ltd., the proprietors of Mother Siegel's

[Continued on page 320.]

THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Dumb Driven Cattle.

I read in the principal papers, morning and evening, that Englishwomen are very dissatisfied with the fashions of to-day, and that

feminine eyes are strained towards Paris in the hope of more graceful and more feminine styles. Why Paris? Surely it is time we ceased to worship the Paris fetish of fashion! At this moment Parisiennes are crazy about the Mode de la Reine Marie, which we, curiously enough and rather unpatriotically, do not follow. Here in London many very becoming and very smart dresses have originated; and some that London modistes have themselves thought out will, I am quite sure, be among the most successful worn at Ascot. At the same time, unless the originators of these same gowns called them Paris models they could not sell them. We none of us yearn for the return of the skirt that trails on the ground, with its manifold inconveniences; but we all do want more of grace and less of eccentricity. There is nothing that we pine for in the wasp-waist, nor in the hour-glass, stiff, laced-in figure; but it would be pleasant to see the nether limbs of the female form divine treated as duplex, and not swathed about as though they were a pedestal. Things are getting better, but the room for improvement is still capacious! Parisiennes continue to wear tube under-skirts, even if they wire out their tunics; and it is still our creed that we must believe in fashions from Paris, and from nowhere else.

On the Golf Links. When my sex plays golf it has to recognise that there must be freedom for the movement of two legs. The said limbs have frequently to be



FOR SOME LUCKY SMOKER AT THE MID-NIGHT BALL: A FORTY-GUINEA CABINET OF CIGARS BY FRIBOURG AND TREYER.

This cabinet, presented by Messrs. Fribourg and Treyer, of 33-4, Haymarket, S.W., contains 600 cigars. The Midnight Ball is to be held at the Savoy on the 25th, in aid of the National Institute for the Blind. The total value of the gifts is nearly £3000.

be placed in positions requiring room, when a shot has to be played off a bank, or out of heather, or from a bunker. Recently I have seen some of our best players playing their best shots, and I concluded that skirts were too tight round the hips, and too short and too close round the shins for anything even approaching to grace. Again the influence of Paris—the feeling that the skirt, to be of the season's date, must look tighter round the leg than round the hips. Many of our crack lady players are fine, well-



FOR SOME LUCKY SMOKER AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL :
ONE OF TWENTY-FIVE CABINETS OF ABDULLA
CIGARETTES.

Messrs. Abdulla and Co., of 168, New Bond Street, W., are presenting twenty-five cabinets of cigarettes, valued in all at £121 5s.

grown girls. Clad with freedom for the use of their limbs, with no strained tightness round well-developed hips, with skirts to the ankle (all that is necessary in the way of shortness in such weather as we are having) and skirts in no wise skimped round the hem, it would be a real joy to see them move. Now, it is often a good deal of an irritation. Fashion is so much a matter of individual choice in these days that if we could once forget the things that Paris decrees for date-marks, just to keep dresses in season, like asparagus and spring-chicken, we should come on to the true spirit of success in gowning, which is summed up in the great principle of suitability. Parisian women, taken as a whole—there

are glorious exceptions—dressed for *le sport*, are a sight to cause the great goddess Diana to take to Bridge; and yet so slavish are we to Paris fashions that we are influenced by them on our own ground of out-door dresses for games—where, so far, we are alone British and best in our riding-dress.

Now that summer days are with us, our desire is to be out in them and enjoy them; it becomes our duty to look after our skins, and keep them, with all their multitudinous ducts and tubes, in full working order. It is sheer delight to do this if we go the right way about it, and use one of the pleasantest and best skin-cleansers and skin-tonics that exist—"4711." It is unnecessary to add the words eau-de-Cologne. It is, in fact, injudicious to do so if buying a bottle, for "4711" gets for you what you want, while eau-de-Cologne brings upon you offers of many varieties that you never heard of and never want to hear of. In the bath after exercise it is delicious, exhilarating, refreshing; and for those of us who cannot afford a big douche of it in our bath-water there are bath-salts of the same preparation. There is "4711" soap also, which is not only dainty, but healing and soothing. Everything is made easy for the disciples of the cult "4711," for there are convenient little pocket-flasks, with sprinklers—and oh! the refreshing feeling after a few drops on the wrists, a little over the face, and some in the air! It is worth anything to the weary, dust-afflicted traveller. A great boon to humanity is "4711," and I swear by it as the refresher, cleanser, tonic,

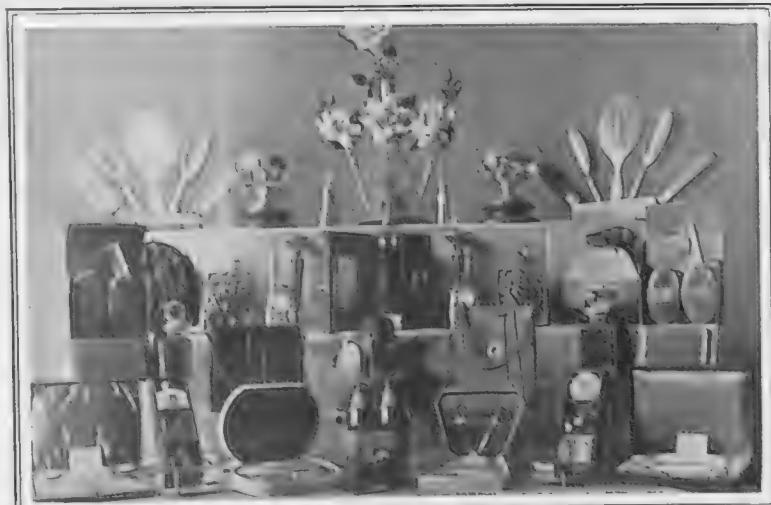
millions there be the
and pleasure-giver of
the age.

Up-to-Date
Is the exhibition of marine pictures now being held at Messrs. Gieve's, the well-known makers of naval and merchant marine uniforms, at 65, South Molton Street. It consists of thirtywater-colour drawings by Mr. Frank Wood, charmingly hung in an old - fashioned oak-panelled parlour. The subjects are the watch - guards of Britain's waters, painted for the most part in the vicinity



FOR SOME LUCKY SMOKER AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL :
ONE OF FIFTEEN CABINETS OF CIGARETTES GIVEN
BY MESSRS. SAVORY.

Messrs. H. L. Savory and Co., of 47, Piccadilly, are presenting fifteen cabinets of cigarettes which are valued in all at £47 5s.



PRESENTS SUCH AS WILL BE GIVEN TO GUESTS AT THE MIDNIGHT BALL:
ARTICLES FROM WHICH HOLDERS OF MESSRS. BOOTS' COUPONS MAY CHOOSE.

of Plymouth. No. 12—which is, by the way, sold—is a large picture showing H.M.S. *King George* with seven super-Dreadnoughts. The sea has the deep green and blue tones with which all who know the Channel are familiar, and the stately line of advancing battle-ships is cleverly depicted by the artist. In No. 16 he introduces a lurid sunset effect behind Drake's Island, and this makes an effective background for the grimly grand form of H.M.S. *Téméraire* entering Plymouth Harbour. A picture of H.M.S. *New Zealand* will appeal to all who made the long voyage in her. A picture of the royal yacht at Portsmouth has been added to the exhibition. All lovers of the sea and loyal admirers of our ironclad watch-dogs should see Mr. Wood's pictures.

Continued from page 318.]

Syrup, a much more soothing document, as 10 per cent. is paid on (very much) reduced Ordinary capital. The actual profits, however, show only the smallest improvement.

We hope sincerely that the New York Stock Exchange will not turn a deaf ear to the memorial presented by the Council of Foreign Bondholders on the subject of defaulting States of the Union. We have frequently referred to this matter, and do not propose to go into details again. It does, however, seem a strange anomaly that prosperous States such as Mississippi, Alabama, North Carolina, and others should, with Honduras, be the sole remaining Government defaulters in the world.

The Leopoldina's method of raising new moneys has met with a good deal of adverse criticism, the market's opinion being that a Debenture issue would have been a mere satisfactory solution. As it is, the Company offer £10 shares at par, and will pay a commission of £4 10s. per share to subscribers. This is merely an ingenious method of getting round the law which forbids the issue of stocks and shares at a discount, and we cannot help feeling that it is a pity for a responsible concern, such as this railway, to resort to obvious evasions of the law, however much the law may be an ass.

The prospects of the Manila Railroad for the current year are receiving a good deal of attention at the moment, and seem distinctly promising. The 4 per cent. First Mortgage Bonds of the American Company look remarkably cheap at 76½. They carry the guarantee of the Philippine Government, and it is hardly conceivable that the United States would allow the latter to default. The yield is only a trifle under 5½, and we commend them to investors who are looking for a sound security.

Tin has always been subject to very wide fluctuations, but the decline during the last few months has been a trifle rapid, and has, very naturally, caused a good deal of uneasiness amongst holders of shares in Companies producing the metal. The margin between cost and selling price varies in the different cases, and, unfortunately, is very small at present, especially for the Cornish concerns. We imagine, however, that the fall has been helped by liquidation of speculative stocks in the East, and that a recovery is far more probable than any further serious decline.

One day last week the *Globe* made the definite statement that an important Joint Stock Company was in difficulties, and that it had

been found impossible to arrange matters. The statement was denied by the financial Press the following morning, but turns out to have been quite correct. The suspension of payment by Messrs. Chaplin, Milne, Grenfell, and Co. was announced this morning. The extent of the liabilities is not known at present, but the amount is certainly large, and, as many members will be heavy losers, the Settlement will be a very delicate one.

Saturday, June 6, 1914.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

Mousmé.—(1) Winchester House, Old Broad Street; (2) 41s. 6d.; (3) Prospects are uncertain, but under the circumstances you had better hold until the Report appears.

Solon.—No. 4 on your list is the only doubtful one; and as you can sell this without serious loss, we think it would be the wisest thing to do.

F. B. (Whitechapel).—The Railway stock is nothing but a gambling counter, its intrinsic value being very problematical. We imagine, however, that a rise is more likely than a further fall. The Land Company is an excellent purchase at its present price.

Persevere.—(1) We think poorly of the prospects, and the people behind the Company. (2) Yes, as long as you realise that the investment would be a speculative one. (3) You could do better. (4) We do not know why the quotation is so low, and the shares seem worth buying. (5) The Board is a strong one, and although they went into Canada at a rather awkward time, we think they will make good, but progress will be slow. (6) North Caucasians should pay better.

J. D. E.—We know of no particular reason why you should not buy the shares you mention; but we think you could do better with the money. If you care, send a post-card stating the yield you want: we should be pleased to make suggestions. Otherwise your best plan would be to write to the Secretary at 14, Cornhill, E.C.

B. P. (Essex).—Your list is a difficult one upon which to advise, and we shall be in a better position to do so next week, when we have completed some inquiries.

INCOME-TAX DEDUCTIONS.—In view of the advance in the income tax, Messrs. F. E. Mathieson and Sons have issued a table showing the actual amount which will be deducted from the next dividends paid on various Home Railway stocks.

CARRERAS, LTD., announce a dividend of 7 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary shares for the half-year to April 30, 1914.



The 9 h.p. 4-cyl. MORGAN-ADLER CARETTE

which ran throughout the R.A.C.
Light Car Reliability Trials was

absolutely standard in every detail and exactly similar to those giving sterling service to private owners and now being delivered.

No special gears or radiator were fitted, and the car, fully loaded, climbed with ease the whole of the eleven severe test hills selected.

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LONDON - EXETER Run, December, 1913:
WINNER of the GOLD MEDAL.
LONDON - LAND'S END Run, April, 1914:
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GARINISH ISLAND, PARKNASILLA.

Photo by Smith & Co., Liverpool.

THE SUNNY SOUTH OF IRELAND IDEAL HOLIDAY RESORTS

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Charming Scenery, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Shooting, Golfing, etc. Upwards of 150 miles of Magnificent Motor Coaching over "The Prince of Wales" and "Grand Atlantic" Coach Routes. First-Class Hotels. Combined Rail and Hotel Tickets from all Principal Towns in the United Kingdom

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Always have Old Bushmills in your home. You will appreciate its superb mellow flavour, and so will your friends. It is the favourite with guests and host alike, no matter when or where. It is pure and wholesome, and the quality is always the same—The Best. It is the Connoisseur's Choice. Taste it, and it will be your choice too.

Of all Wine Merchants. Address of nearest Agent sent on application.
"Old Bushmills" Distillery Co., Ltd., 20, Mark Lane, London, E.C.

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2,000,000 sold in 1913.

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The reason for the phenomenal success lies in the exceptional value of the cigar itself.

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WEDDING PRESENTS DISPLAY

June 3rd. to 13th.

THE special feature of this display is the carefully selected groups of articles specially suitable for Wedding Outfits or Gifts, examples of which are appended. The quality always associated with Mappin & Webb productions is maintained in every article displayed, and the fact that the Company manufacture their stocks at their own Sheffield Works, is a guarantee that price value is the best obtainable.

Visitors are cordially invited, there will be no opportunity to purchase, while to those unable to call, Mappin & Webb will gladly send selections for approval.

The following are examples :

£10 Plate Outfit The Mappin Canteen, fitted with Mappin Plate Spoons and Forks and Tusca handled Cutlery for six people. "Prince's" Plate 4-pint Sauce Boat, Chop Dish, Sardine Dish, Salad Bowl and Servers. Egg Frame and Spoons for four people. Preserve Stand with lining and Spoon. "Prince's" Plate is the Company's famous substitute for silver.

£15 Silver Presents Motor Case, with engine-turned Sterling Silver fittings. Tortoiseshell and Silver Toilet Service. Sterling Silver Table Mirror. Tortoiseshell Manicure Set in handsome Tortoiseshell and Silver Case. All of these articles are £15 each.

£25 Silver Outfit Tea Service of three pieces. Case 12 pairs Pearl handled Dessert Knives and Forks. Bread Basket. All in Sterling Silver.

£50 Silver Outfit Tea and Coffee Service. Case 12 pairs Pearl handled Dessert Knives and Forks. Bread Basket. 3 Dessert Dishes. Sugar Bowl and Sifter. Salad Bowl and Servers. Claret Jug. Butter Dish and Knife. Case 12 pairs Ivory handled Fish Eaters and Carvers to match. Ice Pail and Tongs. All in Sterling Silver.

£50 Plated Articles Fumed Oak Plate Chest, containing a complete service for twelve persons. Fitted with "Prince's" Plate Spoons and Forks, Ivory Handled and "Trustworthy" Cutlery, including: 18 Table Knives, 12 Cheese Knives, 1 pair each Finest Ivory handled Meat, Poultry, and Fish Carvers, Ivory handled Steel, 18 Table Forks, 12 Table Spoons, 12 Dessert Spoons, 12 Dessert Forks, 12 Tea Spoons, 4 Egg Spoons, Soup Ladle, 2 Sauce Ladles, Gravy Spoon, pair Sugar Tongs, Butter Knife, 6 Ivory handled Fish Knives and Forks, 2 pairs Knife Rests. Tea and Coffee Service, Cruets and Spoons, 4-cup Egg Frame, Butter Dish, 7-bar Toast Rack, Entrée Dishes.

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A Useful Wedding Gift.

The "Rochdale" or The "Hanover" Table Cabinet.

The Cabinets illustrated are made in fumed Oak, and completely fitted for twelve persons, with "Mappin Plate" Spoons and Forks, and Ivory handled "Trustworthy" Cutlery.

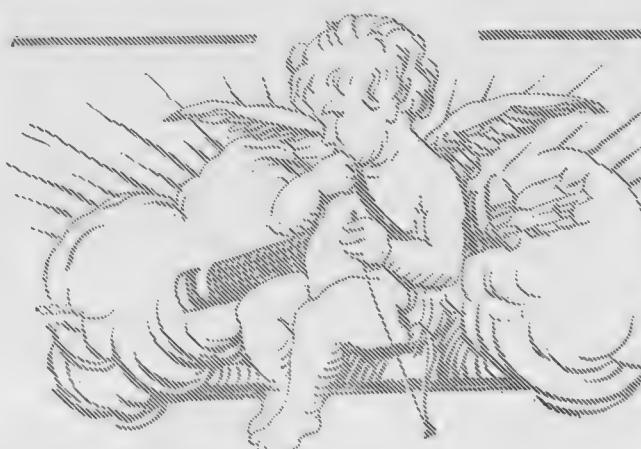
Contents :

24 Table Knives	12 Dessert Spoons	1 Butter Knife
12 Cheese Knives	12 Dessert Forks	1 Soup Ladle
2 pairs Carvers	12 Tea Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs (large)
1 Steel	12 Coffee Spoons	1 pr. Sugar Tongs (small)
24 Table Forks	6 Egg Spoons	2 Sauce Ladles
12 Soup Spoons	1 Pickle Fork	1 pair Knife Rests
6 Table Spoons	1 Chutney Spoon	

The "Rochdale" Cabinet, £25 0 0
The "Hanover" Cabinet, £26 10 0



The "Rochdale"
£25 : 0 : 0



The "Hanover"
£26 : 10 : 0

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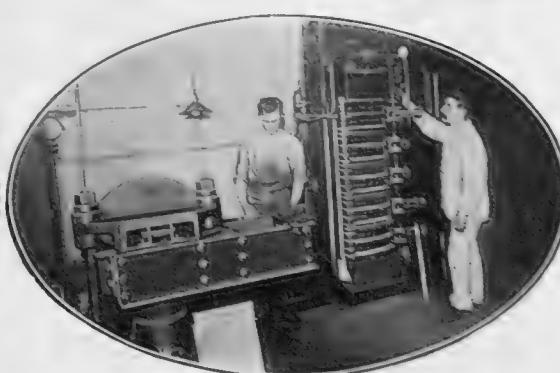
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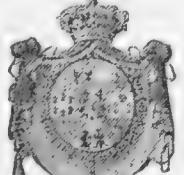
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THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

"THE LITTLE LAMB" (now "off") was foreign, not even Canterbury; there were moments, too, when in idea it was a trifle high for my taste. Some think the public likes its farce a bit rank, and yet I have heard behind the scenes that one or two much-advertised farces boomed for their impropriety have not "made good." I hope so. Still, it must not be imagined that there was anything very dreadful in the late piece at the Apollo, or that it contained a bedroom scene or anything of that sort, for which I was thankful. The tale concerns one of those naughty old men, dear to manufacturers of farce, with a guilty secret—to be more accurate, two naughty old men, each with a guilty secret; and one of them, a mustard-maker, has a shrewish, super-prudish wife—fortunately for him, a very stupid person, probably incapable of counting beans even up to five. So a foolish young man up from the country—he is the little lamb of the piece—is supposed by one person, then by another, to be his illegitimate child; whilst a truly respectable old lady is treated as his lawless mother. And people rushed about, and in and out, and slapped one another and kicked one another, and pretended this and that during the three acts—very short acts in the present case. There was no wit wasted, nor any plausibility attempted, or real effort made to cause the French people to seem French. However, a very strong cast had been engaged of people generally employed in work of greater dignity. The audience laughed and applauded a good deal, and, of course, nobody expected more than that.

In the continued absence of the Gaiety company in America, America has for the second time come forward to console the mourners left behind. "Adèle" is the play this time, and though written by Paul Hervé and composed by Jean Briquet, it is an American production. Its chief characteristic is a determination to have a plot. So Adèle, daughter of a merchant in table delicacies, being anxious to wed Robert, son of a rival merchant, but finding the parents' veto in her way, begs an impecunious peer named Baron Charles to marry her, that she may divorce him and be free to wed again as she pleases; and it turns out that no divorce is desired by either, and Robert has to console himself elsewhere. Now for the first act this did very well indeed. It was an unusually excellent first act. The heroine, Miss Carolyn Thomson, was delightful both in her singing and her playing; Mr. Hal Forde had an excellent voice; Mr. William Danforth and Mr. Dallas Welford were humourists who got their effects without exaggeration; the music was interesting

and cheerful; and a small chorus had obviously been chosen for their singing and their elocution. Thus all went splendidly, and so it might have been to the end if the author and the adapters had not relied too much on a plot which was suitable enough in its way, but much too hackneyed to be taken so seriously as they took it. Acts II. and III. were consequently on a much lower level altogether, and that in every way; but it is a superior sort of musical comedy, and Miss Carolyn Thomson's work is a pleasure not to be missed.

Miss Horniman's company is continuing its season at the Coronet beyond its originally intended time. "Consequences" is the play this week, and last week we had an able and interesting little play called "Love Cheats," by Mr. Basil Dean. It was a clever and well-observed study of West Country life: the old story of the young gentleman who deceives a trustful maid of humble birth, with, at the end, a more modern discussion of the question whether marriage is the true remedy for the wrong done. Mr. Dean was better in the setting out of the story than in his conduct of the discussion. His chief characters, the girl and her father, became unnaturally twisted to suit the author's purposes; but Miss Irene Rooke gave us a beautiful picture of the wronged maid, Mr. Herbert Lomas was wonderfully dignified as an old Dorset fisherman, and Mr. Milton Rosmer played very cleverly the young gentleman who caused the trouble.

It was a happy thought of Miss Marie Tempest's to revive "The Duke of Killicrankie." It shows its author, Captain Marshall, at his brightest; and the part of Lady Henrietta, which Miss Eva Moore used to play, suits her very well. There is just the right quantity of feline acidity, with a little sentimental tenderness to end up with; and with such a group of players as Miss Tempest, Miss Marie Illington, Mr. Graham Browne, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith you cannot fail to spend a pleasant evening. It is excellent fooling, the little supper for four in the Duke's castle and the struggles of his captives to escape; and it is all done so perfectly by players who can be trusted hardly ever to miss a point. It was a piece of good fortune to find so many members of the original cast available.

"The Cinema Star," the new musical comedy at the Shaftesbury, like "Adèle" at the Gaiety, has quantities of plot, and discovers a new actress. The plot is all about a millionaire supposed to be a moralist, on whom a cinema actress took an awful revenge by making him against his knowledge the central figure of a film. The new actress is Miss Dorothy Ward, and there was no doubt about her success, which was immediate and emphatic. The music is M. Jean Gilbert at his best. This popular composer seems to

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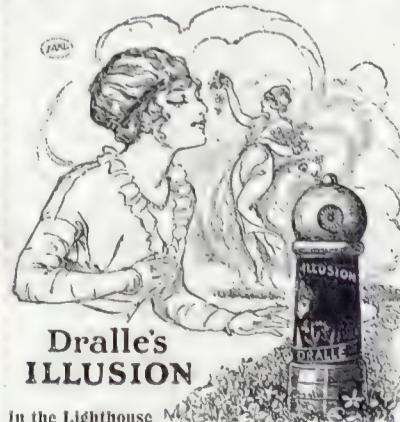
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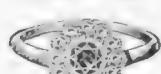
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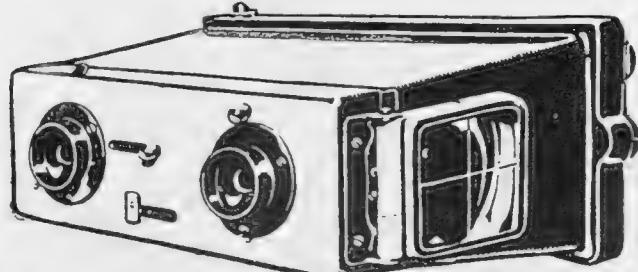
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Mme. Marie Kousnetzoff; The Friend of Woman; Ascot Defended; Lady Jean Douglas; "The Morning Ride"; The Midnight Ball Gifts; "Papillons"; "Le Coq d'Or."



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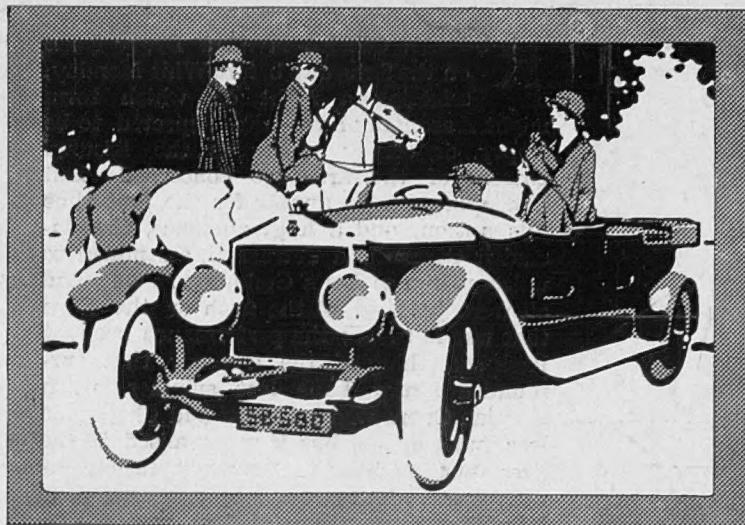
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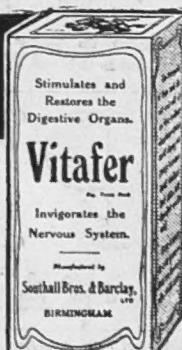
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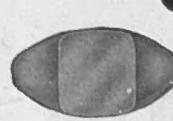
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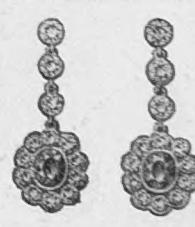
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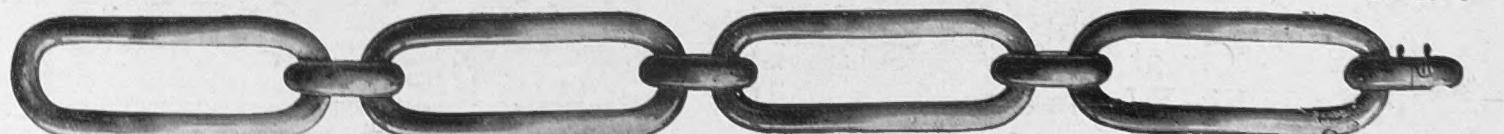
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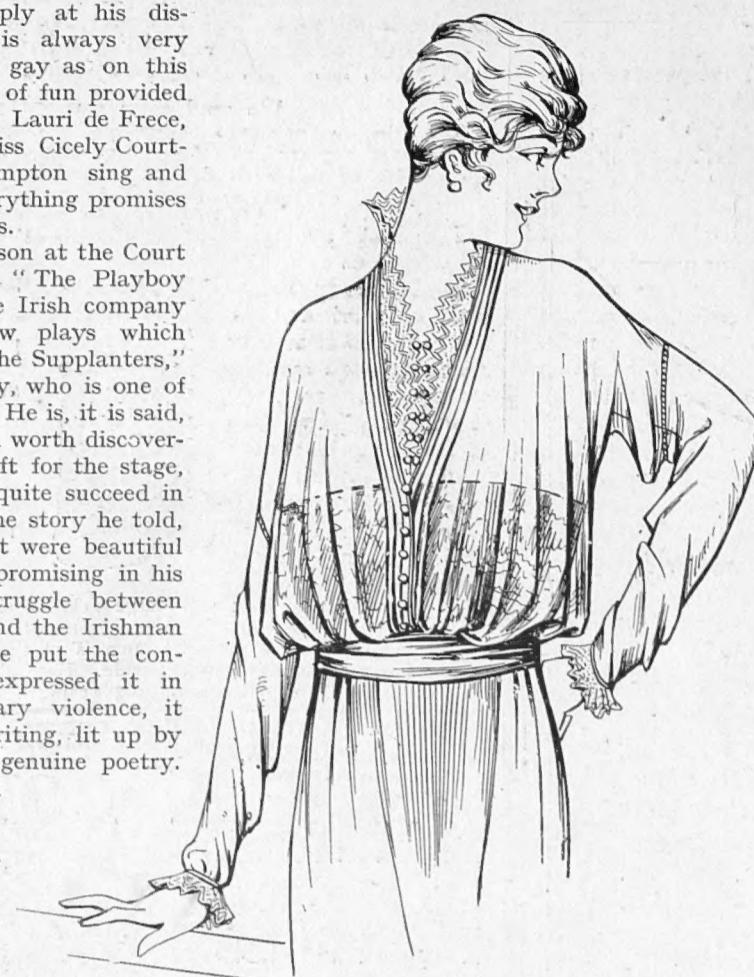
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have an inexhaustible supply at his disposal, and his inspiration is always very gay, and has never been so gay as on this occasion. There is plenty of fun provided by Mr. Lionel Rignold, Mr. Lauri de Frece, and Mr. George Hestor; Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Miss Fay Compton sing and dance with spirit; and everything promises very well for a great success.

Having opened their season at the Court Theatre with their classic, "The Playboy of the Western World," the Irish company gave us the first of the new plays which were promised. It was "The Supplanters," by Mr. J. Bernard McCarthy, who is one of the company's discoveries. He is, it is said, a postman, and he was well worth discovering, for he has clearly a gift for the stage, and though he did not quite succeed in expressing the tragedy of the story he told, there were some things that were beautiful and much that was very promising in his work. His theme is the struggle between the Irishman who works and the Irishman who wastes; and though he put the contrast rather crudely and expressed it in terms of rather unnecessary violence, it was sincere and natural writing, lit up by touches here and there of genuine poetry. Mr. Fred O'Donovan played finely as the young worker, and there was strength in Mr. Sydney Morgan's study of the old waster; while Miss Eileen O'Doherty and Miss Eithne Magee were pathetic in their patience and their sorrow. And, when it was over, there was Mr. Arthur Sinclair in "The Rising of the Moon" to cheer us up; and wonderfully he did it, as he always does.



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R USSIAN OPERA invaded Drury Lane on the Saturday before Whit Monday, selecting a night on which town might reasonably have been expected to be empty, or empty as far as the leisured patrons of the arts were concerned. But Chaliapine was to appear for the first time this season, and a huge audience, that included Caruso and Tetrazzini, assembled to welcome him as Boris Godounov. One and all were justified of the faith or the hope that was in them; the performance brought back something of the glamour that surrounded Drury Lane last summer, when Russian Opera was unknown and Chaliapine was but a name, but it was realised in the first startling hour that a whole firmament of new stars had swum into our ken. The boundless enthusiasm of last week's performance embraced all concerned, travelled from the famous basso to Sir Joseph Beecham, embracing that excellent conductor Emile Cooper en route. A night or two later, "The Maid of Pskov"—or, as it is more popularly known, "Ivan the Terrible"—created a similar furore. It may be, as some experienced observers believe, that we are witnessing Society's delight in a new toy; that half the pleasure in Russian Opera is due, as far as London and Paris are concerned, to its novelty. There is something in this view, but not very much, unless the writer is quite mistaken. Novelty is a factor, and a vital one enough; but while Russian Opera has a fashionable following, it is not supported entirely by fashion's favours. Serious music-lovers by the score, by the hundred, perhaps by the thousand, are flocking to Drury Lane, and there completing or improving their

[Continued overleaf.]

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musical education. Perhaps it may be said that a part at least of the success of Russian Opera is due to the establishment of one of the fundamental principles that Wagner laid down. He claimed that the music, the singing and action, and the scenery were to be regarded as equal parts of a perfect whole; to him this whole was greater than any of its components. Chaliapine is a very great artist. If he had no singing voice, he could yet command a fortune in drama; one could name in the world of Italian Opera one man who acts nearly as well, and another who sings nearly as well, but we could not name the man who combines both gifts as Chaliapine does. Again, the average Italian chorus is bad: if it can sing in tune and in time, nothing better may be asked of it; we have no more than a flock of men and women striving unsuccessfully to look distinguished, or at least interesting, and to move spontaneously, with one eye upon the conductor's baton. Compare these people for a moment with the crowds in "Boris" and "Ivan," particularly with the crowd that assembles to hear the story of Ivan's punishment of Novgorod, or awaits his sudden, dramatic, and awe-inspiring entry into Pskov. Everybody has an individuality, everybody matters. The scenery, too, is novel and daring; it establishes an atmosphere of its own; while, as far as the music is concerned, how seldom is it written to give undue prominence to an individual at the expense of the general movement. There is no need to pass a very definite opinion about the superiority of the new methods over the old ones—those who are loudest in saying will be left with most to unsay; but that the Russians have vitalised some of the functions of Grand Opera must be held undeniable. They have restored proportion too, and yet, while they have corrected so many of the old-time abuses, their composers do not despise melody—even melody of the kind that can be detached from a score is not entirely foreign to them. To combine every aid to success, to balance all of them and to have nothing in excess—this would seem to be the ideal of men like Moussorgsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the rest of those brilliant followers of Balakirev—and should one add Glinka and Darjomirsky as well?—who have captured for the world at large so much of the native music of the Slav. Perhaps the voices of those engaged at Drury Lane seem even better than they really are by reason of the excellence of the action that accompanies utterance; certainly the movement of crowds is past all praise—the art that conceals art has given to every man and woman a responsible place and an individuality. The stage of an opera-house has not held such a collection of living beings as distinguished from automata within the memory of the oldest active opera-goer.

Mme. Melba has enjoyed but a brief season at Covent Garden this year, and is now said to be upon the point of leaving England for Australia, where a near relative is lying ill. All lovers of beautiful singing and all admirers of an artist who has given more pleasure to the public than any other prima-donna still before it will unite in wishing Mme. Melba a safe journey and a speedy return. After more than a quarter of a century's active work her voice has lost much, but it has retained more than many an accepted prima-donna has ever had the opportunity of losing. To very many her performance on the opening night of the season at Covent Garden had the quality of a revelation, following as it did upon certain statements to the effect that she was no longer in good voice; and though we cannot look to Melba to create any new rôles, it may be said that she is safe to maintain for some years to come the popularity of certain operas that, but for her singing, would have found oblivion long ago. The only matter for regret is that oblivion is the one fitting cure for the works we have in mind.

By the time these lines are in print Russian Ballet will have reached town again, to add to the perplexities of those who wish to see and to hear the best of everything, and are brought up by their fatal inability to be in more than one place at any time.

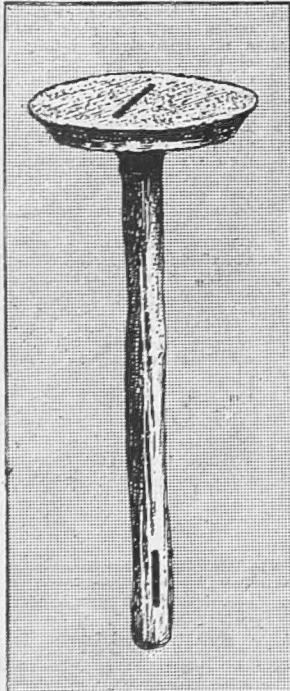
There will be some striking scenes in the way of symbolic and historical pageantry at the Anglo-American Peace Centenary Ball to-night (Wednesday) at the Albert Hall. The two principal figures will be Britannia, carrying a palm-branch in place of her trident, and Columbia, the guardian spirit of the United States. Columbia will be represented by Mrs. John Astor, and in her train will be a number of distinguished "American wives of English husbands," including the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Granard, Lady Decies, and Lady Randolph Churchill.

History has not altogether repeated itself in the Irish Light Car Trial, for though a number of the competing cars were identical with those which took part in the R.A.C. trial at Harrogate, the tables were turned to some extent. A Swift car gained the gold medal in Class A. (under 150 guineas), but the two sister Swifts were third and fifth respectively, letting in a G.W.K. and an Alldays for the second and fourth places. Class B., however (under 200 guineas), produced a bigger surprise, for a team of three Standards secured the first three places, while the Singer team, one of which had gained the premier prize at Harrogate, only attained fourth, eleventh, and thirteenth places. A fine performer on the hills was the Nardini, a newcomer of which more will doubtless be heard.

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